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LIEF SOCIETY
SONG BOOK

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Bella G. Haws.

June. 16 - 1920.

Relief Society Song Book

A collection of selected hymns and songs especially
arranged for the use of the Relief Societies
of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints



129486

Published by the

General Board of Relief Society
Salt Lake City, Utah
June, 1919

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By EMMELINE B. WELLS

For General Board Relief Society

WELLS
EMMELINE B.
FOR GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

OPENING HYMNS.

No. 1. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

HAMMOND.

C. M. VON WEBER.

Moderato.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee: here we stay;
3. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
4. Grant we all may seek and find Thee, our gracious God, and kind;

Do not Thou our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, from hence we would not go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow
Com - fort those who weep and mourn, Let "the time of love" re - turn.
Heal the sick, the cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Thee.

No. 2.

O God, Our Help.

Wesley Collection.

B. C. GATES.

1. O God, our help in ag - es past, Our hope for years to come,
2. With - in the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,

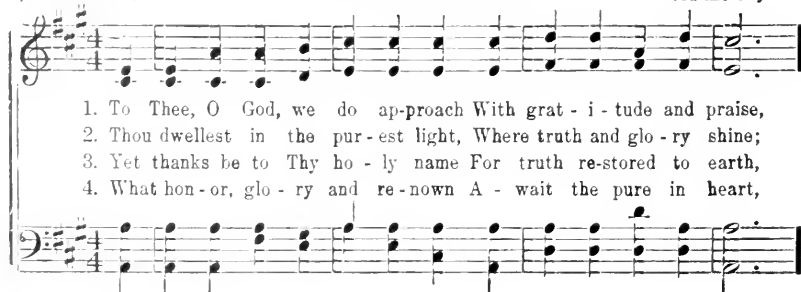
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.

No. 3.

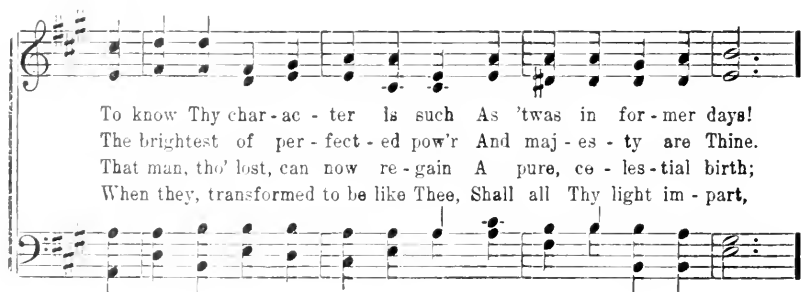
To Thee, O God.

JOHN LYON.

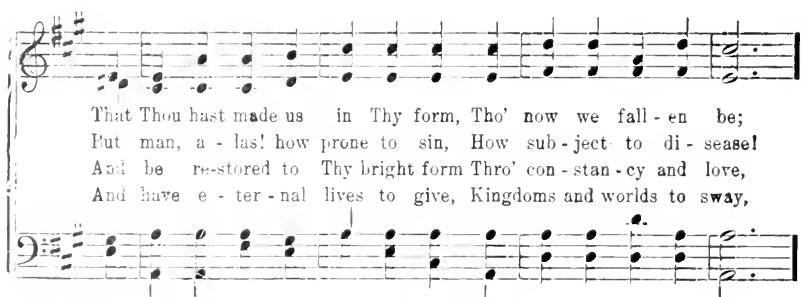
Old melody.



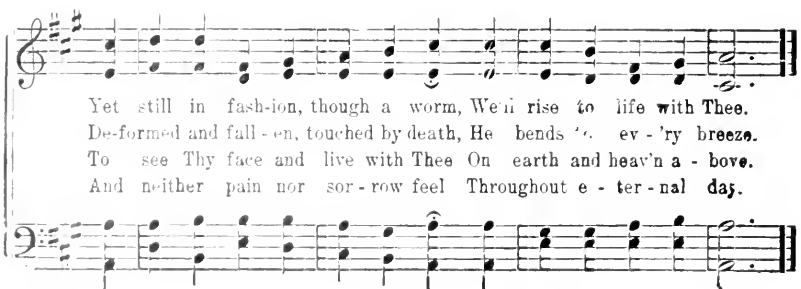
1. To Thee, O God, we do ap-proach With grat - i - tude and praise,
 2. Thou dwellest in the pur - est light, Where truth and glo - ry shine;
 3. Yet thanks be to Thy ho - ly name For truth re - stored to earth,
 4. What hon - or, glo - ry and re - nown A - wait the pure in heart,



To know Thy char - ac - ter is such As 'twas in for - mer days!
 The brightest of per - fect - ed pow'r And maj - es - ty are Thine.
 That man, tho' lost, can now re - gain A pure, ce - les - tial birth;
 When they, transformed to be like Thee, Shall all Thy light im - part,



That Thou hast made us in Thy form, Tho' now we fall - en be;
 Put man, a - las! how prone to sin, How sub - ject to di - sease!
 And be re - stored to Thy bright form Thro' con - stan - cy and love,
 And have e - ter - nal lives to give, Kingdoms and worlds to sway,



Yet still in fash - ion, though a worm, We'll rise to life with Thee.
 De - formed and fall - en, touched by death, He bends 'o' ev - 'ry breeze.
 To see Thy face and live with Thee On earth and heav'n a - bove.
 And neither pain nor sor - row feel Throughout e - ter - nal day.

No. 4.

Beneath this Sacred Roof.

S. Y. GATES.

B. CECIL GATES.



1. Be - neath this sa - cred roof we meet To sing to Thee and pray,
 2. Re - move from us all world - ly care, And fix our thoughts on Thee;



Our hearts at - tuned to ho - ly thoughts We wor - ship here to - day.
 De - liv - er us from sin - ful hearts, From e - vil set us free.



The rich out - pour - ing of Thy love In spread - ing waves be - stow,
 Our fee - ble lamps re - new with oil And charge our souls a - new

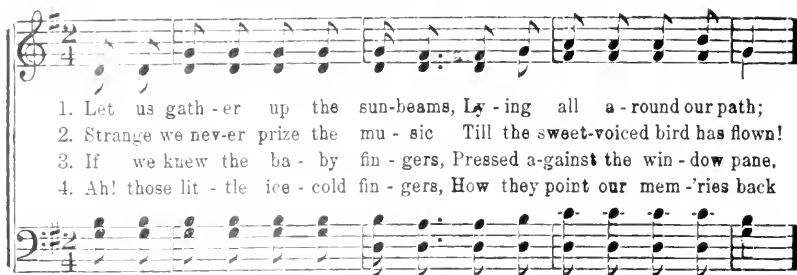


That we may ear - ly learn Thy word, And serve Thee here be - low.
 With quick'ning grac - es from Thy throne, With light di - vine - ly true.

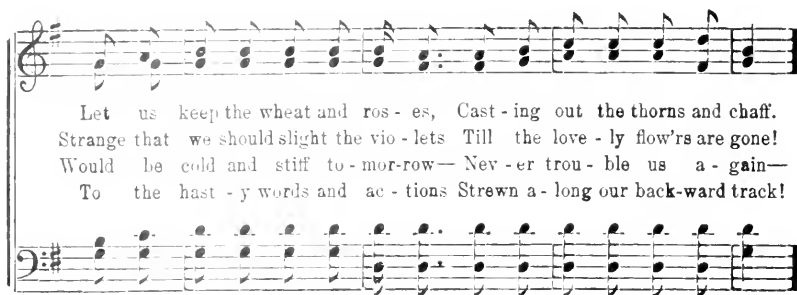


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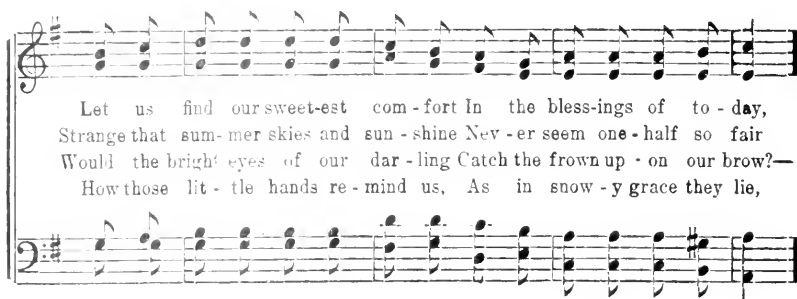
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.



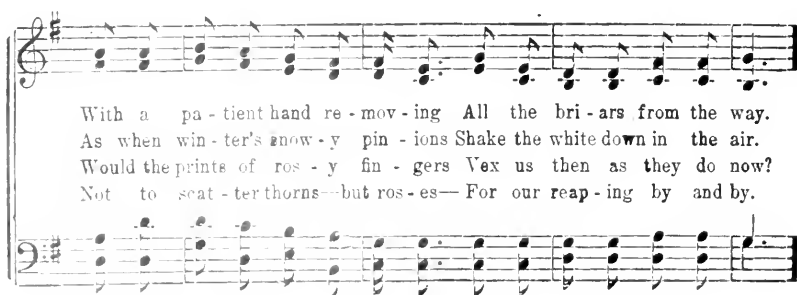
1. Let us gath - er up the sun - beams, Ly - ing all a - round our path;
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet - voiced bird has flown!
 3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed a - gainst the win - dow pane,
 4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our mem - ries back



Let us keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff.
 Strange that we should slight the vio - lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone!
 Would be cold and stiff to - mor - row— Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain—
 To the hast - y words and ac - tions Strewn a - long our back - ward track!



Let us find our sweet - est com - fort In the bless - ings of to - day,
 Strange that sum - mer skies and sun - shine Nev - er seem one - half so fair
 Would the bright eyes of our dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow?—
 How those lit - tle hands re - mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie,



With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way.
 As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air.
 Would the prints of ros - y fin - gers Vex us then as they do now?
 Not to scat - ter thorns—but ros - es— For our reap - ing by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,

ad. lib.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 6. Hear Us Pray.

ANNIE MALIN.

Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.

1. God, our Fa-ther, hear us pray, Send Thy grace this ho-ly day;
2. Grant us, Fa-ther, grace di-vine, May Thy smile up-on us shine;
3. As we drink the wa-ter clear, Let Thy Spir-it lin-ger near;

As we take of em-blems blest, On our Sav-iour's love we rest.
 As we eat the bro-ken bread, Thine ap-prov-al on us shed.
 Par-don faults, O Lord, we pray, Bless our ef-forts day by day.

No. 7.

Sowing.

H. A. TUCKETT.

1. We are sow - ing, dai - ly sow - ing Count-less seeds of good and ill,
 2. Seeds that fall a - mid the still-ness Of the lone - ly moun-tain glen;
 3. Seeds that lie unchanged, un-quickened, Life-less on the teem-ing mould;
 4. Thou who know-est all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone!

Scat - tered on the lev - el low-land, Cast up - on the wind - y hill;
 Seeds cast out in crowd - ed pla - ces, Trod-den un - der foot of men;
 Seeds that live, and grow, and flour - ish When the sow - er's hand is cold;
 Bid Thine an - gels guard the fur-rows Where the pre-cious grain is sown;

Seeds that sink in rich, brown fur-rows, Soft with heav-en's gra-cious rain;
 Seeds, by idle hearts for - got - ten, Flung at ran-dom on the air;
 By a whis - per sow we bless-ings, By a breath we scat - ter strife,
 Till the fields are crowned with glo-ry, Filled with mel - low, ripened ears;

Seeds that rest up - on the sur-face Of the dry, un-yield-ing plain.
 Seeds, by faith - ful souls re-mem-bered, Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.
 In our words, and looks, and ac-tions Lie the seeds of death and life.
 Filled with fruit of life e - ter - nal From the seed we sowed in tears.

No. 8. Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice.

JOS. J. DAYNES.

Allegro marcato.

1. Come, lis - ten to a Proph - et's voice, And hear the word of
2. The gloom of sul - len dark - ness, spread Thro' earth's ex - tend - ed
3. 'Tis not in man they put their trust, Or on his arm re -

God, And in the way of truth re - joice, And sing for joy a -
space, Is ban - ished by our liv - ing Head, And God has shown His
ly, Full well as - sured, all are ac - cursed Who Je - sus Christ de -

loud. We've found the way the Proph - ets went, Who lived in days of
face. Through err - ing schemes, in days now past, The world has gone a -
ny. The Sav - iour to His peo - ple saith, Let all my words o -

youre; An - oth - er Proph - et now is sent, This knowledge to re - store.
stray; Yet Saints of God have found at last The straight and nar - row way.
bey, And signs shall fol - low liv - ing faith Down to the la - test day.

No. 9. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BAISING-GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry. Hell's founda-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
 Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an-thems raise. Onward, Christian
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This through countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go-ing on be - fore.
 war, With the cross of Je - sus

No. 10.

Catch the Sunshine.

Allegretto.

G. F. Root.

1. Catch the sun-shine! tho' it flick - ers Thro' a dark and dis - mal cloud,
 2. Catch the sun-shine! tho' life's tem - pest May un - furl its chill - ing blast,
 3. Catch the sun-shine! don't be griev - ing O'er that dark - some bil - low there!

Tho' it falls so faint and fee - ble On a heart with sor - row bowed.
 Catch the lit - tle, hope - ful strag - gler! Storms will not for - ev - er last;
 Life's a sea of storm - y bil - lows, We must meet them ev - 'ry - where.

Catch it quick - ly! it is pass - ing, Pass - ing rap - id - ly a - way;
 Don't give up and say "for - sak - en," Don't be - gin to say "I'm sad!"
 Pass right thro' them, do not tar - ry, O - ver - come the heav - ing tide,

Rit.

It has on - ly come to tell you There is yet a bright - er day.
 Look! there comes a gleam of sun - shine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad.
 There's a spark - ling gleam of sun - shine Wait - ing on the oth - er side.

No. 11. Though Deepening Trials.

E. R. SNOW.

GEORGE CARELESS.

1. Tho' deep'ning tri - als thron'g your way, Press on, press
 2. Tho' out-ward ills a - wait us here, The time at
 3. Lift up your hearts in praise to God, Let your re-
 4. All glo - ry to His ho - ly name, Who sends His

on, ye Saints of God! Ere long the res - ur-
 long - est is not long Ere Je - sus Christ will
 joic - ings nev - er cease; Tho' trib - u - la - tions
 faith - ful serv - ants forth To prove the na - tions—

rec - tion day Will spread its life and light a -
 re - ap - pear, Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious
 rage a - broad, Christ says, "In me ye shall have
 to pro - claim Sal - va - tion's ti - dings thro' the

broad, Will spread its life and light a - broad.
 thron', Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious thron'.
 peace," Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace."
 earth, Sal - va - tion's ti - dings thro' the earth.

No. 12.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en - cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on! The night is dark and I am far from home! Lead Thou me
 on! I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is

on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to
 on! I lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of
 gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

sea..... The dis - tant scene! one step e - nough for me.
 fears..... Pride rul'd my will, re-mem-ber not past years.
 smile.... Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

No. 13.

Do What Is Right.

f

1. Do what is right! the day-dawn is break-ing, Hail-ing a
 2. Do what is right! the shack-les are fall-ing, Chains of the
 3. Do what is right! be faith-ful and fear-less, On-ward, press

fu-ture of free-dom and light; An-gels a-bove us are
 bondsmen no lon-ger are bright; Lightened by hope, soon they'll
 on-ward, the goal is in sight; Eyes that are wet now, ere

si-lent notes tak-ing Of ev-'ry ac-tion; do what is right!
 cease to be gall-ing; Truth go-eth on-ward; do what is right!
 long will be tear-less; Bless-ings a-wait you; do what is right!

CHORUS.

f

Do what is right, let the con-se-quence fol-low; Bat-tle for

free-dom in spr-it and might; And with stout hearts look ye

Do What Is Right.

forth till to - mor-row; God will pro - tect you; do what is right!

The musical score for 'Do What Is Right.' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. There are some 'x' marks above the treble staff, likely indicating specific notes or ornaments.

No. 14. Earth, with her Ten Thousand Flowers.

W. W. PHELPS.

T. C. GRIGGS.

1. Earth, with her ten thou - sand flow'rs, Air, with all its beams and show'rs,
2. Sounds a-mong the vales and hills, In the woods and by the rills,
3. All the hopes that sweet - ly start From the foun-tain of the heart,

The musical score for 'Earth, with her Ten Thousand Flowers.' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. There are some 'x' marks above the treble staff.

Heav - en's in - fi - nite ex - pance, Sea's re - splen - dent coun - te - nance,
Of the breeze and of the bird, By the gen - tle mur - mur stirred.
All the bliss that ev - er comes To our earth - ly hu - man homes,

The musical score for the second part of 'Earth, with her Ten Thousand Flowers.' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

All a - round and all a - bove, Bear this rec - ord, God is love.
Sa - cred songs, be - neath, a - bove, Have one cho - rus, God is love.
All the voi - ces from a - bove, Sweet - ly whis - per, God is love.

The musical score for the third part of 'Earth, with her Ten Thousand Flowers.' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

No. 15.

The Lord Is My Light.

J. NICHOLSON.

(transposed)

J. R. SWENEY.

1. The Lord is my light—then why should I fear? By day and by night
 2. The Lord is my light, tho' clouds may a - rise, Faith, stronger than sight,
 3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in His might
 4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His sight

His pres - ence is near; He is my sal - vation from sor - row and sin, This
 looks up thro' the skies, Where Je - sus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign—Then
 I'll con - quer at length; My weak - ness in mer - cy He cov - ers with power, And,
 no dark - ness at all; He is my Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour and King—With

CHORUS.

bles - sed as - sur - ance the Spir - it doth bring. The Lord.... is my
 how can I ev - er in dark - ness re - main?
 walk - ing by faith, I am blest ev - 'ry hour.
 saints and with an - gels His prais - es I'll sing. is my light, the

light, He is my joy and my song,..... By day.....
 Lord is my light, He is my joy, and my song, and by night,

The Lord Is My Light.

and by night.... He leads, He leads me a - long.
by day and by night

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and B4, then a quarter note C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 16. Redeemer of Israel.

W. W. PHELPS.

1. Re - deem - er of Is - rael, Our on - ly de - light, On
2. We know He is com - ing To gath - er His sheep. And
3. How long we have wan - dered As stran - gers in sin, And
4. As chil - dren of Zi - on, Good ti - dings for us, The

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with line numbers 1 through 4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady accompaniment in the bass.

whom for a bless - ing we call, Our shad - ow by
lead them to Zi - on in love; For why in the
cried in the des - ert for Thee! Our foes have re -
tok - ens al - read - y ap - pear; Fear not, and be

This block continues the musical score from the previous block. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The musical notation continues with the same treble and bass staves.

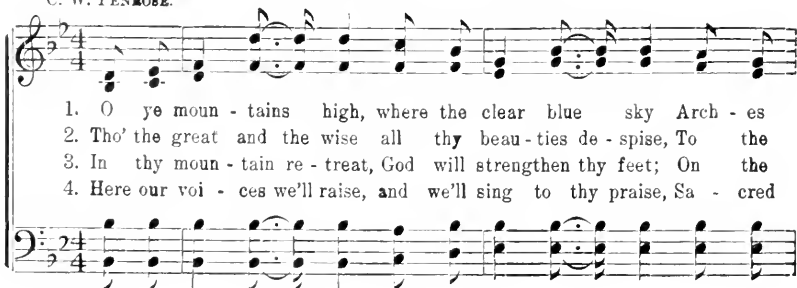
day, And our pil - lar by night, Our King, our De - liv - 'rer, our all!
val - ley Of death should they weep, Or in the lone wil - der - ness rove?
joiced When our sorrows they've seen, But Is - rael will short - ly be free.
just, For the king - dom is ours; The hour of re - demp - tion is near.

This block concludes the musical score for 'Redeemer of Israel.' The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The musical notation ends with a double bar line in both staves.

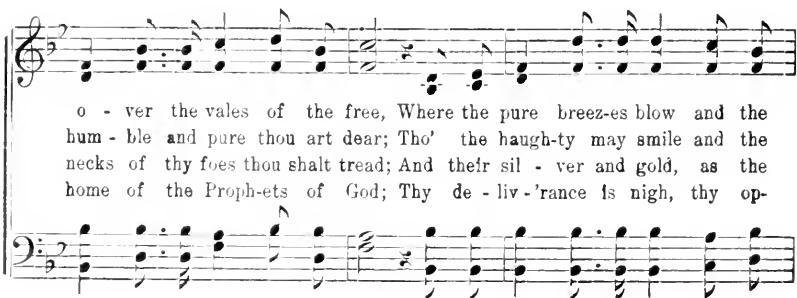
No. 17.

O Ye Mountains High.

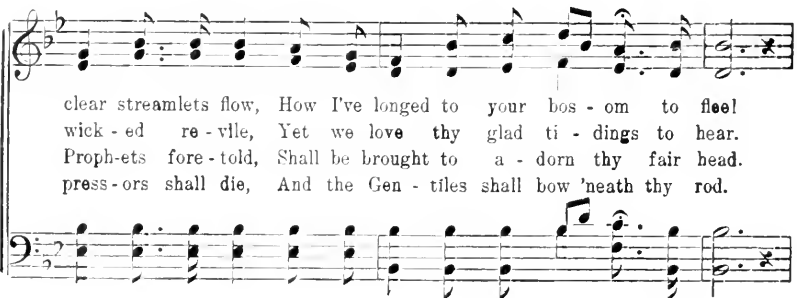
C. W. PENROSE.



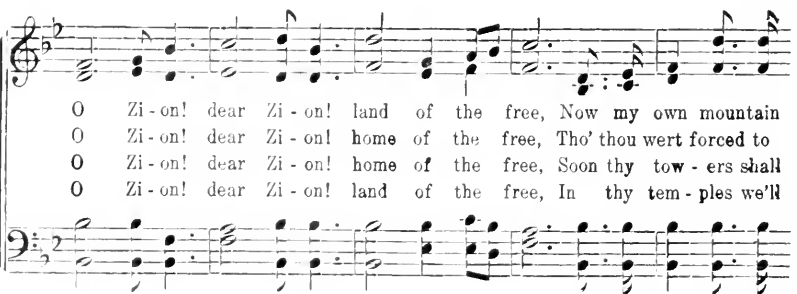
1. O ye moun - tains high, where the clear blue sky Arch - es
 2. Tho' the great and the wise all thy beau - ties de - spise, To the
 3. In thy moun - tain re - treat, God will strengthen thy feet; On the
 4. Here our voi - ces we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa - cred



o - ver the vales of the free, Where the pure breez-es blow and the
 hum - ble and pure thou art dear; Tho' the haugh-ty may smile and the
 necks of thy foes thou shalt tread; And their sil - ver and gold, as the
 home of the Proph-ets of God; Thy de - liv-'rance is nigh, thy op-



clear streamlets flow, How I've longed to your bos - om to flee!
 wick - ed re - ville, Yet we love thy glad ti - dings to hear.
 Proph-ets fore - told, Shall be brought to a - dorn thy fair head.
 press - ors shall die, And the Gen - tiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.



O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, Now my own mountain
 O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Tho' thou wert forced to
 O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Soon thy tow - ers shall
 O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, In thy tem - ples we'll

O Ye Mountains High.

home, un - to thee I have come—All my fond hopes are cen-tered in thee.
 fy to thy chambers on high, Yet we'll share joy and sor-row with thee.
 shine with a splen-dor di-vine, And e - ter - nal thy glo - ry shall be.
 bend, all thy rights we'll de-fend, And our home shall be ev - er with thee.

No. 18. Our God, We Raise to Thee.

B. SNOW.

H. CAREY.

1. Our God, we raise to Thee Thanks for Thy bless - ings free
 2. Bless Thou our Proph - et dear; May health and com - fort cheer
 3. So shall Thy king - dom spread, As by Thy Proph - ets said,
 4. O may Thy saints be one, Like Fa - ther and the Son,

We here en - joy; In this far west - ern land, A true and
 His no - ble heart; His words with fire im - press On souls tha.
 From sea to sea; As one u - nit - ed whole Truth burn in
 Nor dis - a - gree; U - nit - ed heart and hand, So may they

Cres.
 cho - sen band, Led hith - er by Thy hand, We sing for joy.
 Thou wilt bless; To choose in right - eous-ness, The bet - ter part.
 ev - 'ry soul, While hast - 'ning to the goal We long to see.
 ev - er stand, A firm and val - iant band, E - ter - nal - ly.

No. 19. The Happy Day Has Rolled On.

P. DIBBLE.

E. BEESLEY.

1. The hap - py day has roll - ed on, The truth re-
 2. The gos - pel trump a - gain is heard, The truth from
 3. The day by Proph - ets long fore - told, The day which
 4. The day when Saints a - gain shall hear The voice of

stored is now made known, The prom - ised an - gel's
 dark - ness has ap - peared; The lands, which long be-
 A - bram did be - hold, The day that Saints de-
 Je - sus in their ear, And an - gels, who a-

come a - gain To in - tro - duce Mes - si - ah's reign.
 night - ed lay, Have now be - held a glo - rious day.
 sired so long, When God His strange work would per - form.
 above do reign, Come down to con - verse hold with men.

No. 20. Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

ALEX. NEIDAUER.

(Transposed.)

A. C. SMYTH.

1. { Come, thou glorious day of prom-ise, Come and spread thy cheer-ful ray, }
 { When the scattered sheep of Is - rael Shall no lon - ger go a-stray; }
 2. { Lord, How long wilt Thou be an - gry; Shall Thy wrath for-ev - er burn? }
 { Rise, re-deem Thine an-cient peo-ple, Their transgressions from them turn; }
 3. { Oh, that soon Thou wouldst to Ja-cob Thy en - live - ning Spir - it send! }
 { Of their un - be - lief and mis - 'ry Make, O Lord, a speed - y end. }

Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

When ho - san-nas, When ho - san-nas With u - nit - ed voice they'll cry.
 King of Is - rael, King of Is - rael, Come and set Thy peo - ple free.
 Lord, Mes - si - ah! Lord, Mes-si - ah! Prince of Peace o'er Is - rael reign.

No. 21. Zion Prospers, All Is Well.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. O a - wake! my slumb'ring min-strel, Let my harp for - get its spell;
2. Strike a chord un-known to sad - ness, Strike, and let its num-bers tell,
3. Zi - on's wel-fare is my por - tion, And I feel my bos - om swell
4. Zi - on, lo! thy day is dawn - ing, Tho' the dark-some shadows swell,
5. Thy swift mes-sen-gers are tread - ing Thy high courts where princes dwell,

Say, O say, in sweetest ac - cents, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;
 In ce - les - tial tones of glad - ness, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;
 With a warm, di - vine e - mo - tion, When she prospers, all is well;
 Faith and hope pre-lude the morn-ing, Thou art pros-p'ring, all is well;
 And thy glo-rious light is spreading, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;

p Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.
ff Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.
 When she prospers, when she pros - pers, When she prospers, all is well.
 Thou art pros-p'ring, thou art pros-p'ring, Thou art pros-p'ring, all is well.
 Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.

No. 22.

Come, Come, Ye Saints.

W. CLAYTON.

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor la - bor fear, But with joy wend your way;
 2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right!
 3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a - way in the West;
 4. And should we die be - fore our journey's thro', Hap - py day! all is well!

Tho' hard to you this jour - ney may ap - pear, Grace shall be as your day.
 Why should we think to earn a great re - ward, If we now shun the fight?
 Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid; There the Saints will be blessed.
 We then are free from toil and sor - row too; With the just we shall dwell.

'Tis bet - ter far for us to strive Our use - less cares from
 Gird up your loins, fresh cour - age take, Our God will nev - er
 We'll make the air with mu - sic ring— Shout prais - es to our
 But if our lives are spared a - gain To see the Saints, their

us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—All is well! all is well!
 us for - sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell— All is well! all is well!
 God and King; A bove the rest these words we'll tell—All is well! all is well!
 rest ob - tain; O how we'll make this cho - rus swell— All is well! all is well!

No. 23. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

KELLY.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed - Zi - on, kept by
 2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend un -
 3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee

pow'r di - vine; All her foes shall be con - found-ed,
 faith - ful prove, Moth - ers cease their own to cher - ish,
 forth more bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee,

Tho' the world in arms com - bine; Hap - py Zi - on,
 Heav'n and earth at last re - move; But no chang - es,
 Thou art pre - cious in His sight; God is with thee,

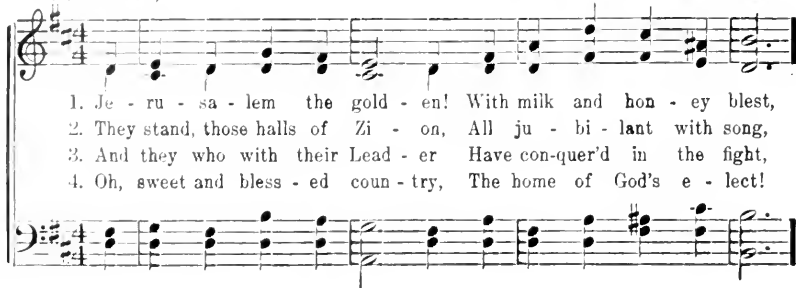
Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
 God is with thee; Thou shalt tri - umph in His might.

No. 24.

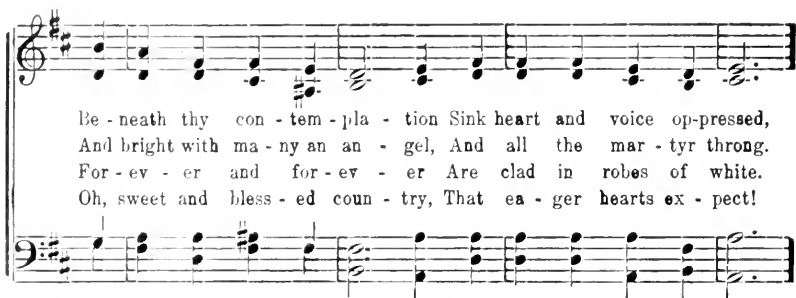
Jerusalem the Golden.

ST. BERNARD, A. D. 1150.

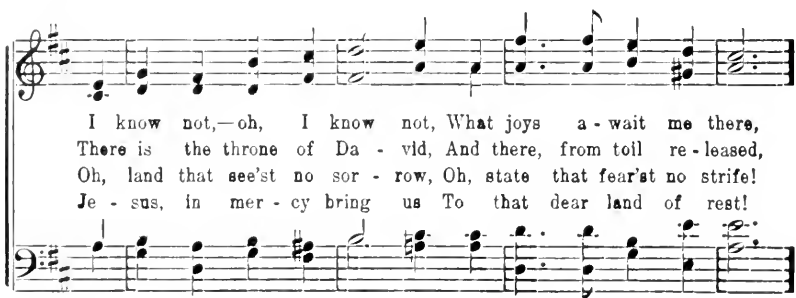
ALEXANDER EWING.



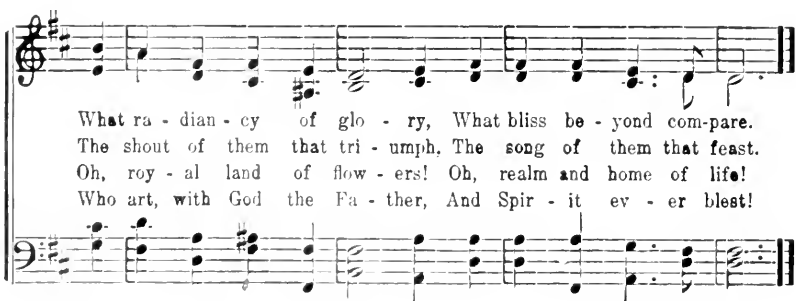
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quer'd in the fight,
 4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed,
 And bright with ma - ny an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, - oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,
 There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,
 Oh, land that see'st no sor - row, Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest!

No. 25.

Love at Home.

1. There is beau-ty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in
 2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-ry
 3. Kind-ly heav-en smiles a-bove, When there's love at home; All the world is

ev-'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty here a-bide,
 ne'er an-oy, When there's love at home. Ro-ses bloom be-neath our feet,
 filled with love, When there's love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by,

Smil-ing sweet on ev-'ry side, Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide,
 All the earth's a gar-den sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete,
 Brighter beams the az-ure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high,

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
 When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
 When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;

Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.
 Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete, When there's love at home.
 Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

No. 26.

Our Mountain Home So Dear.

(Transposed.)

E. B. WELLS.

E. STEPHENS.

1. Our moun-tain home so dear, Where cry-stal wa - ters clear Flow ev - er
 2. We'll roam the ver - dant hills, And by the spark - ling rills Pluck the wild
 3. In syl - van depth and shade, In for - est and in glade, Where'er we
 4. The stream-let, flow'r and sod, Be - speak the works of God; And all com-

free. Flow ev - er free; While thro' the val - leys wide The flow'rs on
 flow'rs, Pluck the wild flow'rs; The fra-grance on the air, The land-scape
 pass, Wher-e'er we pass, The hand of God we see, In leaf and
 bine, And all com-bine, With most trans - port-ing grace, His hand - i-

Flow ev - er free;

ev - 'ry side, Bloom - ing in state - ly pride, Are fair to see.
 bright and fair, And sun-shine ev - 'ry-where, Make pleas-ant hours.
 bud and tree, Or bldr or hum - ming bee, Or blade of grass.
 work to trace, Thro' na - ture's smil - ing face, In heart di - vine.

No. 27.

Come, O Thou King of Kings.

P. P. PRATT.

1. Come, O Thou King of kings— We've wait - ed long for Thee,— With
 2. Come, make an end of sin, And cleanse the earth by fire, And
 3. Ho - san - nas now shall sound From all the ran-somed throng, And
 4. Hail! Prince of Life and Peace! Thrice wel - come to Thy throne! While

Come, O Thou King of Kings.

heal - ing in Thy wings, To set Thy peo - ple free; Come. Thou de -
right - eous - ness bring in, That Saints may tune the lyre, With songs of
glo - ry ech - o round A new tri - umph - al song; The wide ex -
all the chos - en race Their Lord and Sav - iour own. The heath - en

sire of na - tions, come, Let Is - rael now be gath - ered home.
joy, a hap - pier strain, To wel - come in Thy peace - ful reign.
panse of heav - en fill With an - thems sweet from Zi - on's hill.
na - tions bow the knee, And ev - 'ry tongue sounds praise to Thee.

No. 28

Invocation.

W. G. BICKLEY.

As we have here assembled to sing Thy praise, Oh, Lord, And from Thy ho - ly

sis - ters To hear Thy sacred word, We ask Thee now to grant us The unction

of Thy love, So that our hearts and voi - ces shall reach Thy throne above.

No. 29.

Did You Think to Pray?

1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray?
 2. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
 3. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor,
 Did you plead for grace, my broth - er, That you might forgive an - oth - er
 When your soul was full of sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row

REFRAIN.

As a shield to - day?
 Who had crossed your way? O how praying rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will
 At the gates of day?

change the night to day; So when life gets dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 30. Joseph Smith's First Prayer.

(Transposed.)

G. M.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. O how love-ly was the morn-ing! Radiant beamed the sun a - bove,
 2. Humbly kneeling, sweet ap-peal - ing—'Twas the boy's first ut-tered pray'r—
 3. Sud-den - ly a light de-scend - ed, Brighter far than noon-day sun,
 4. "Joseph, this is my Be - lov - ed, Hear Him!" oh, how sweet the word!

Bees were humming, sweet birds singing, Mu - sic ring - ing thro' the grove,
 When the pow'rs of sin as - sail - ing Filled his soul with deep de - spair,
 And a shin - ing, glo - rious pil - lar O'er him fell, a - round him shone,
 Jo - seph's hum - ble pray'r was answered, And he list - ened to the Lord;

When with - in the sha - dy wood - land, Jo - seph sought the God of love;
 But un - daunt - ed still, he trust - ed In his heav'n-ly Fa - ther's care;
 While ap - peared two heav'n-ly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son;
 Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God;

When with - in the sha - dy wood - land, Jo - seph sought the God of love.
 But un - daunt - ed still, He trust - ed In his heav'n-ly Fa - ther's care.
 While ap - peared two heav'n-ly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son.
 Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God.

CLOSING HYMNS.

No. 31.

God Be With You.

J. F. RANKIN.

(Transposed.)

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we
found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

No. 32.

How Firm a Foundation.

KIRKHAM.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In
 3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For
 4. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
 5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
 pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home or a -
 I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
 riv - ers of sor - row shall not thee o'er - flow, For I will be
 will not, I can - not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all

say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus, you
 broad, on the land or the sea, As thy days may de - mand, as thy
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right - eous, up -
 with thee, thy troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee, and
 hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, I'll

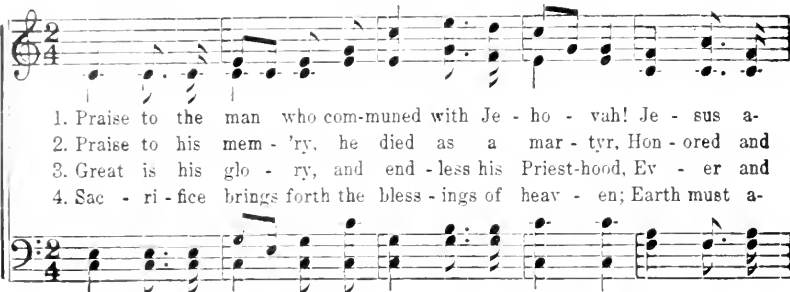
who un - to Je - sus, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.
 days may de - mand, As thy days may demand, so thy suc - cor shall be.
 held by my right - eous, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 sanc - ti - fy to thee, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 nev - er, no, nev - er, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!

No. 33.

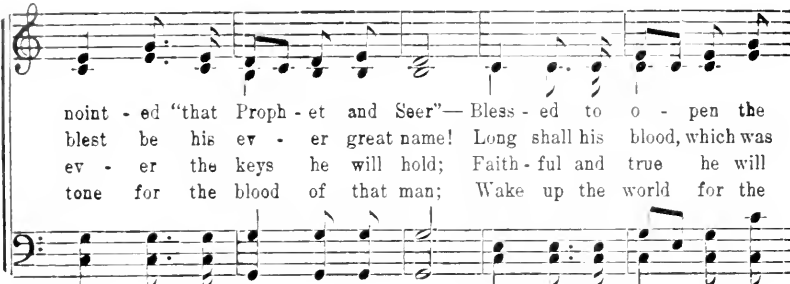
Praise to the Man.

(Transposed.)

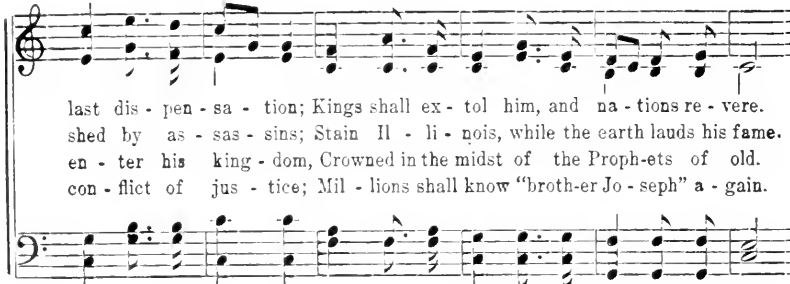
W. W. PHELPS.



1. Praise to the man who com-muned with Je - ho - vah! Je - sus a -
 2. Praise to his mem - 'ry, he died as a mar - tyr, Hon - ored and
 3. Great is his glo - ry, and end - less his Priest - hood, Ev - er and
 4. Sac - ri - fice brings forth the bless - ings of heav - en; Earth must a -

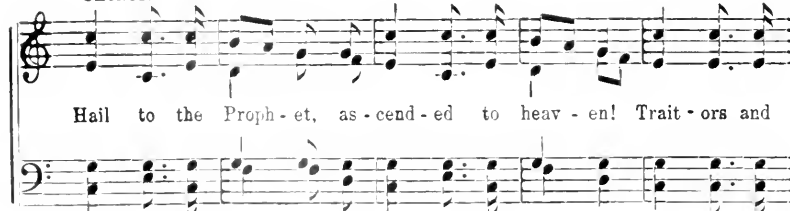


noint - ed "that Proph - et and Seer"—Bless - ed to o - pen the
 blest be his ev - er great name! Long shall his blood, which was
 ev - er the keys he will hold; Faith - ful and true he will
 tone for the blood of that man; Wake up the world for the



last dis - pen - sa - tion; Kings shall ex - tol him, and na - tions re - vere.
 shed by as - sas - sins; Stain Il - li - nois, while the earth lauds his fame.
 en - ter his king - dom, Crowned in the midst of the Proph - ets of old.
 con - flict of jus - tice; Mil - lions shall know "broth - er Jo - seph" a - gain.

CHORUS.



Hail to the Proph - et, as - cend - ed to heav - en! Trait - ors and

Praise to the Man.

ty - rants now fight him in vain;..... Min - gling with Gods, he can
 plan for his brethren; Death can - not con - quer the he - ro a - gain.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are placed between the two staves of each system.

No. 34.

All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

Crown Him Lord.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial hall,
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

The musical score is in 4/4 time and G major. It features three systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The lyrics are placed between the two staves of each system. The first system includes three numbered verses. The second system includes three lines of lyrics. The third system includes one line of lyrics.

No. 35. Lord, We Ask Thee, Ere We Part.

GEO. MANWARING.

E. BESSELY.

1. Lord, we ask Thee, ere we part, Bless the teach-ings of this day,
 2. In the in - no-cence of youth We would all Thy laws ful - fill;
 3. Fa - ther, mer - ci - ful and kind, While we la - bor for the right,
 4. All our fol - lies, Lord, for - give, Keep us from temp - ta - tions free;

Plant them deep in ev - 'ry heart, That with us they'll ev - er stay.
 Lead us in the way of truth, Give us strength to do Thy will.
 May we in Thy serv - ice find Sweet - est pleas - ure, pure de - light.
 Help us ev - er - more to live Lives of ho - li - ness to Thee.

No. 36. Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

MONTGOMERY.

G. CARELESS.

Andante.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
 3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;
 4. Prayer is the Chris - tian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air;

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.
 The up - ward glanc - ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 Prayer, the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
 His watch - word at the gates of death; He en - ters heav'n with pray'r.

No. 37. Farewell, All Earthly Honors.

WM. B. BRADEBURY.

1. Farewell, all earth-ly hon - ors, I bid you all a - dieu; Fare-
 2. I want my name en - grav - en A - mong the righteous ones, Who
 3. I'm will - ing to be chast-ened, And bear my dai - ly cross; I'm

well, all sin - ful pleas - ures, I want no more of you. I want my
 wor - ship God, the Fa - ther, And wear a righteous crown. For such e -
 will - ing to be cleans - ed From ev - 'ry kind of dross. I see a

hab - i - ta - tion On that e - ter - nal soil, Be - yond the pow'rs of
 ter - nal rich - es I'm will - ing to pass through All need - ful trib - u -
 fier - y fur - nace, I feel its pierc - ing flame, The fruits of it are

REFRAIN.

Sa - tan, Where sin can ne'er de - file.
 la - tions, And count them my just due. There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is
 ho - ly, The gold will still re - main.

sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

No. 38.

The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

(Transposed.)

W. W. PHELPS.

1. { The Spir - it of God like a fire... is burn - ing! The
The vi - sions and bless - ings of old are re - turn - ing! And

2. { The Lord is ex - tend - ing the Saints' un - der - stand - ing, Re -
The knowl - edge and pow - er of God are ex - pand - ing, The

3. { How bless - ed the day when the lamb and the ll - on Shall
And Eph - raim be crowned with his bless - ing in Zi - on, As

REFRAIN.

lat - ter day glo - ry be - gins to come forth; } We'll sing and we'll
an - gels are com - ing to vis - it the earth. } We'll sing and we'll
stor - ing their judg - es and all as at first, } We'll sing and we'll
vall o'er the earth is be - gin - ning to burst. } We'll sing and we'll
lle down to - geth - er with - out an - y ire, } We'll sing and we'll
Je - sus de - scends with His char - iots of fire! }

shout with the ar - mies of heav - en, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to

God and the Lamb! Let glo - ry to them in the high - est be

The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

giv - en, Hence-forth and for - ev - er; a - men, and a - men.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'The Spirit of God Like a Fire.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

No. 39. Nearer, My God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

The image shows the first system of musical notation for 'Nearer, My God to Thee.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me. My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
 stars for - get, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,

The image shows the second system of musical notation for 'Nearer, My God to Thee.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

The image shows the third system of musical notation for 'Nearer, My God to Thee.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

No. 40. For the Strength of the Hills.

Altered by E. L. SLOAN.

(Transposed.)

Maestoso.

E. STEPHENS.

1. For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our father's God;
 2. At the hands of foul oppressors, We've borne and suffered long;
 3. Thou hast led us here in safety, Where the mountain bulwark stands,
 4. For the shadow of Thy presence, Our camp of rock o'er-spread;

Thou hast made Thy children mighty, By the touch of the mountain sod;
 Thou hast been our help in weakness; And Thy power hath made us strong;
 As the guardian of the loved ones Thou hast brought from many lands;
 For the canyon's rugged defiles, And the beetle-wing crags o'er-head;

Thou hast led Thy chosen Israel To freedom's last abode—
 'Mid ruth-less foes, outnumbered, In wear-i-ness we trod;
 For the rock and for the river, The valley's fertile sod;
 For the snows and for the torrents, And for our burial sod;

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fathers' God.

No. 41. We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet.

W. FOWLER.

MRS. NORTON.

1. We thank Thee, O God, for a Proph - et, To guide us in
 2. When dark clouds of troub-le hang o'er us And threat-en cur
 3. We'll sing of His good-ness and mer - cy, We'll praise Him by

these lat - ter days; We thank Thee for send - ing the Gos - pel
 peace to de-stry, There is hope smil-ing bright - ly be-fore us,
 day and by night, Re - joice in His glo - ri - ous Gos - pel,

To light - en our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for ev - er - y
 And we know that de - liv - rance is nigh; We doubt not the Lord, nor His
 And bask in its life - giv - ing light; Thus on to e - ter - nal per -

bles - ing Be - stowed by Thy boun - te - ous hand; We
 good - ness, We've proved Him in days that are past; The
 fec - tion The hon - est and faith - ful will go, While

feel it a pleas - ure to serve Thee, And love to o - bey Thy command.
 wick - ed who fight a - gainst Zi - on, Will sure - ly be smit - ten at last.
 they who re-ject this glad mes - sage, Shall nev - er such hap - pi - ness know.

No. 42.

Rock of Ages.

A M TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be from sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 43. Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

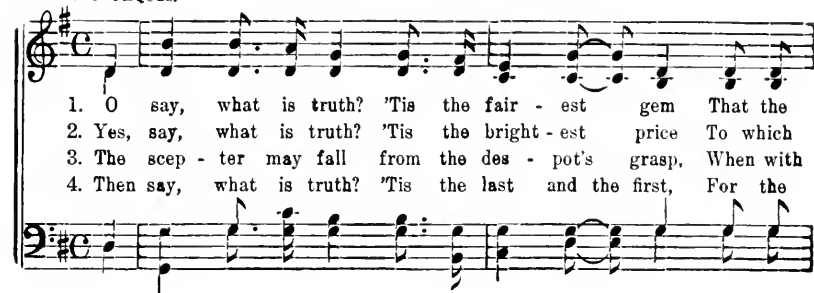
Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him, a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

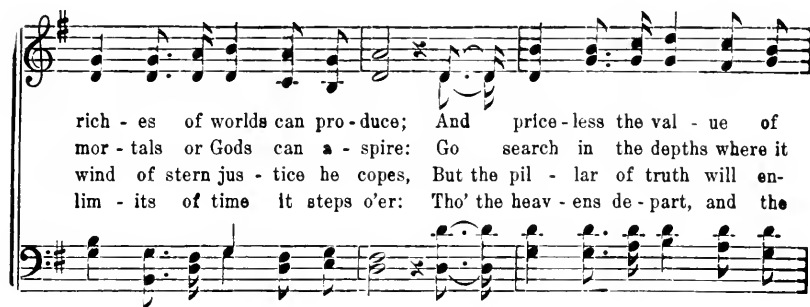
No. 44.

O Say, What is Truth?

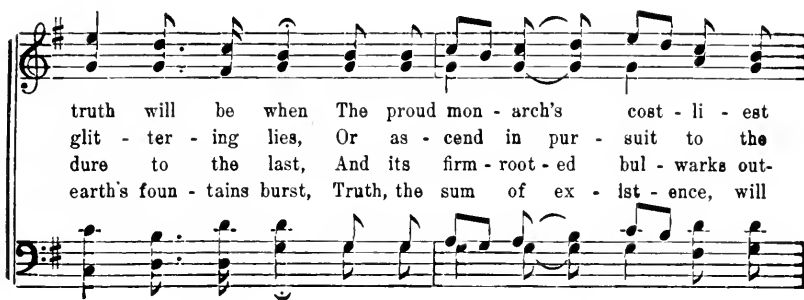
JOHN JACQUES.



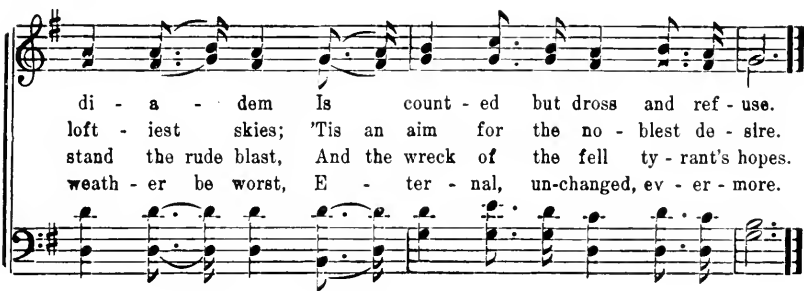
1. O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fair - est gem That the
 2. Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the bright - est price To which
 3. The scap - ter may fall from the des - pot's grasp, When with
 4. Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first, For the



rich - es of worlds can pro - duce; And price - less the val - ue of
 mor - tals or Gods can a - spire: Go search in the depths where it
 wind of stern jus - tice he copes, But the pil - lar of truth will en -
 lim - its of time it steps o'er: Tho' the heav - ens de - part, and the



truth will be when The proud mon - arch's cost - li - est
 glit - ter - ing lies, Or as - cend in pur - suit to the
 dure to the last, And its firm - root - ed bul - warks out -
 earth's foun - tains burst, Truth, the sum of ex - ist - ence, will



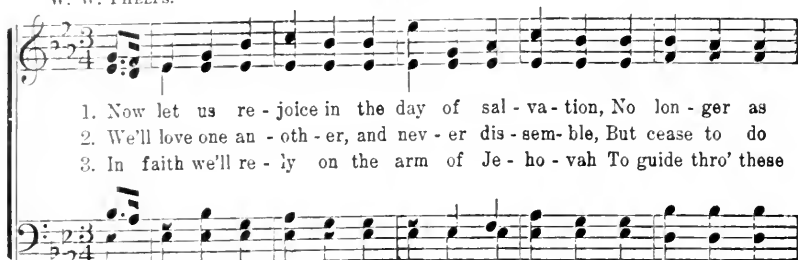
di - a - dem Is count - ed but dross and ref - use.
 loft - iest skies; 'Tis an aim for the no - blest de - sire.
 stand the rude blast, And the wreck of the fell ty - rant's hopes.
 weath - er be worst, E - ter - nal, un - changed, ev - er - more.

No. 45.

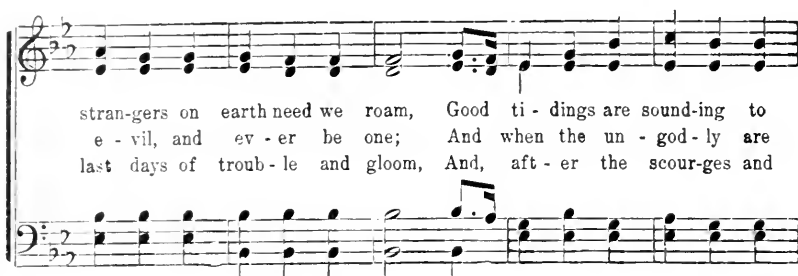
Now Let Us Rejoice.

(Transposed.)

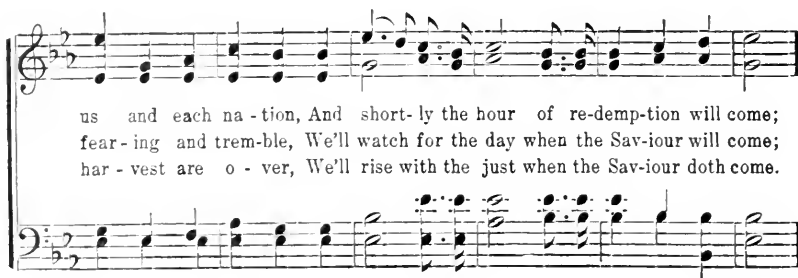
W. W. PHELPS.



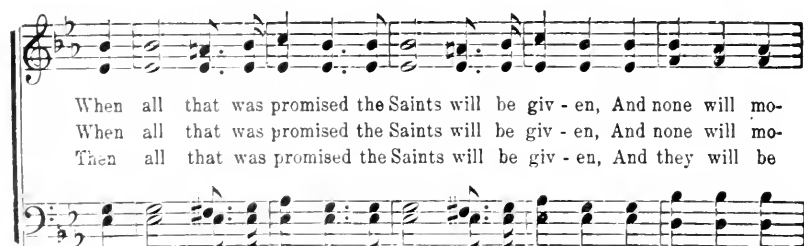
1. Now let us re-joice in the day of sal-va-tion, No lon-ger as
 2. We'll love one an-oth-er, and nev-er dis-sem-ble, But cease to do
 3. In faith we'll re-ly on the arm of Je-ho-vah To guide thro' these



stran-gers on earth need we roam, Good ti-dings are sound-ing to
 e-vil, and ev-er be one; And when the un-god-ly are
 last days of troub-le and gloom, And, aft-er the scour-ges and



us and each na-tion, And short-ly the hour of re-demp-tion will come;
 fear-ing and trem-ble, We'll watch for the day when the Sav-iour will come;
 har-vest are o-ver, We'll rise with the just when the Sav-iour doth come.



When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-
 When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-
 Then all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And they will be

Now Let Us Rejoice.

lest them from morn un - til ev'n, And earth will ap - pear as the
 lest them from morn un - til ev'n, And earth will ap - pear as the
 crowned with the an - gels of heav'n, And earth will ap - pear as the

gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.
 gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.
 gar - den of E - den, And Christ and His peo - ple will ev - er be one.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

No. 46. Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ous sound;

Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.
 Ev - er faith-ful, Ev - er faith-ful To the truth may we be found.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

No. 47.

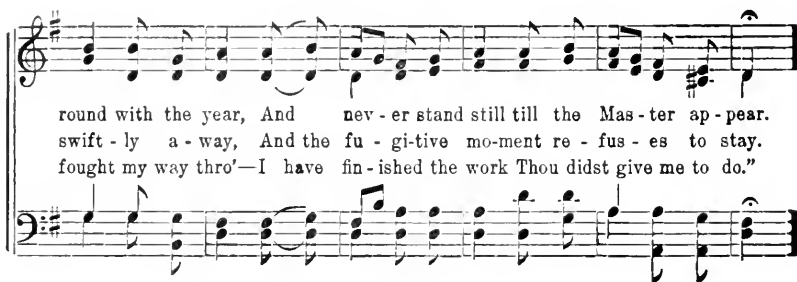
Come, Let Us Anew.

Wesley Collection.


(Transposed.)




1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll
 2. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides
 3. O that each in the day of His com - ing may say, "I have



round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.
 swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay.
 fought my way thro'—I have fin - ished the work Thou didst give me to do."



His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our
 The ar - row is flown, the mo - ments are gone, The Mil -
 O that each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word: "Well and



tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of
 len - ni - al year Press - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's
 faith - ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my

Come, Let Us Anew.

love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.
 here, Press - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.
 throne," "En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne."

No. 48. High on the Mountain Top.

J. H. JOHNSON.

E. BEESLEY.

1. High on the moun - tain top A ban - ner is un - furled; Ye
 2. For God re - mem - bers still His prom - ise made of old, That
 3. His house shall there be reared, His glo - ry to dis - play; And
 4. For there we shall be taught The law that will go forth, With

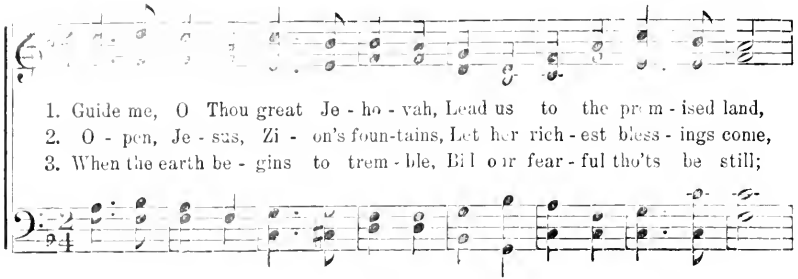
na - tions, now look up; It waves to all the world; In Des - er - et's sweet
 He on Zi - on's hill Truth's standard would unfold! Her light should there at -
 peo - ple shall be heard In dis - tant lands to say, We'll now go up and
 truth and wisdom fraught, To govern all the earth; For - ev - er there His

peace - ful land—On Zi - on's mount be - hold it stand.
 tract the gaze Of all the world in lat - ter days.
 erve the Lord, O - bey His truth, and learn His word.
 ways we'll tread, And save our - selves with all our dead.

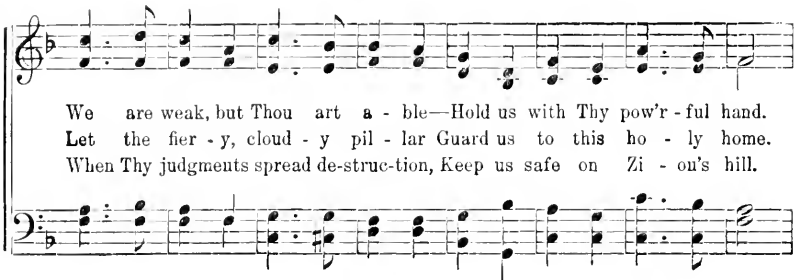
No. 49. Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah.

ROBINSON.

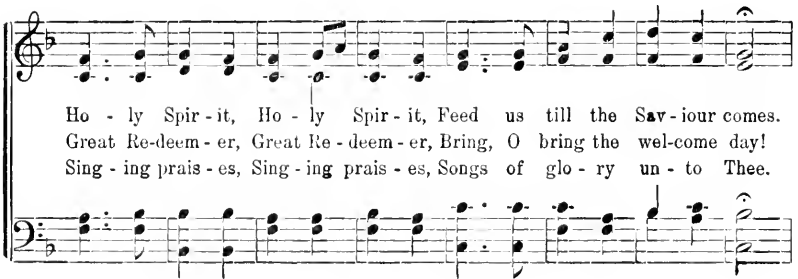
ANNIE F. HARRISON.



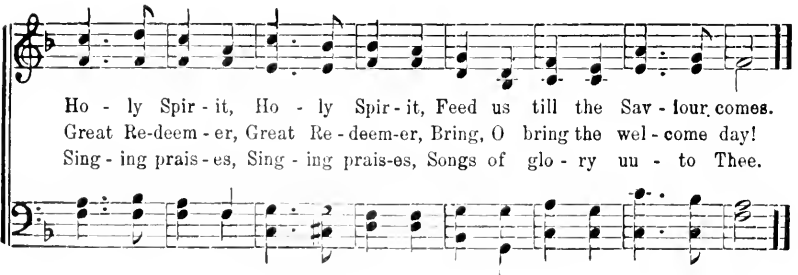
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Lead us to the prom - ised land,
2. O - pen, Je - sus, Zi - on's foun-tains, Let her rich - est bless - ings come,
3. When the earth be - gins to trem - ble, Bid our fear - ful tho'ts be still;



We are weak, but Thou art a - ble—Hold us with Thy pow'r - ful hand.
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Guard us to this ho - ly home.
When Thy judgments spread de - struc - tion, Keep us safe on Zi - on's hill.



Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - iour comes.
Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.

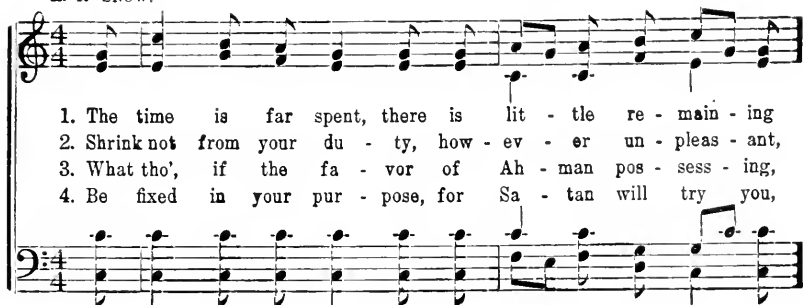


Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - iour comes.
Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.

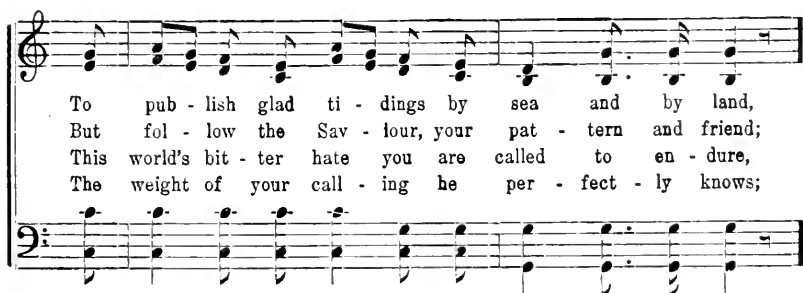
No. 50.

The Time is Far Spent.

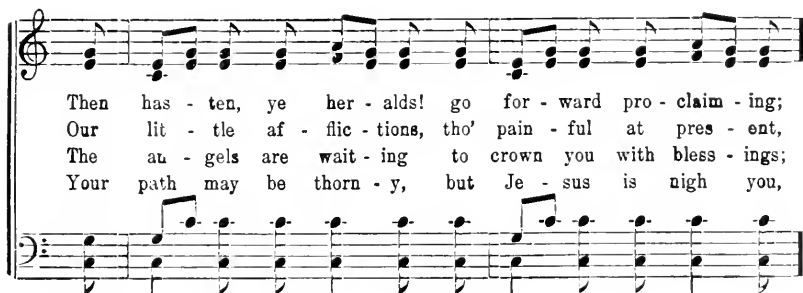
E. R. SNOW.



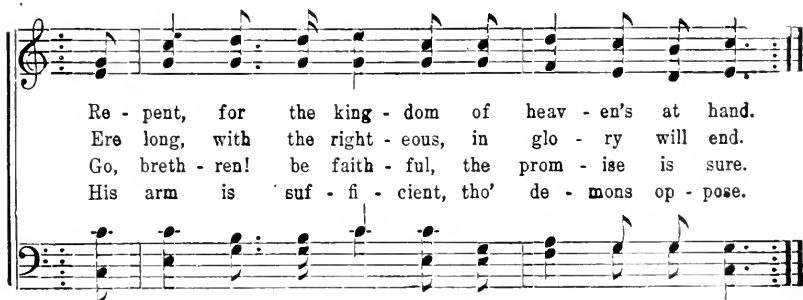
1. The time is far spent, there is lit - tle re - main - ing
 2. Shrink not from your du - ty, how - ev - er un - pleas - ant,
 3. What tho', if the fa - vor of Ah - man pos - sess - ing,
 4. Be fixed in your pur - pose, for Sa - tan will try you,



To pub - lish glad ti - dings by sea and by land,
 But fol - low the Sav - our, your pat - tern and friend;
 This world's bit - ter hate you are called to en - dure,
 The weight of your call - ing he per - fect - ly knows;



Then has - ten, ye her - alds! go for - ward pro - claim - ing;
 Our lit - tle af - flic - tions, tho' pain - ful at pres - ent,
 The an - gels are wait - ing to crown you with bless - ings;
 Your path may be thorn - y, but Je - sus is nigh you,



Re - pent, for the king - dom of heav - en's at hand.
 Ere long, with the right - eous, in glo - ry will end.
 Go, breth - ren! be faith - ful, the prom - ise is sure.
 His arm is suf - fi - cient, tho' de - mons op - pose.

No. 51.

Let Us All Press On.

E. S.

(Transposed.)

E. STEPHENS.

Allegretto marcato.

1. Let us all press on in the work of the Lord, That when life is . . .
 3. We will not re-treat, tho' our numbers may be few, When compared with the
 3. If we do what's right we have no . . . need to fear, For the Lord, our . .

o'er we may gain a re-ward; In the fight for right let us wield a . . . sword,
 op - po - site host in . . . view; But an un - seen pow - er will aid me and you
 help - er will ev - er be near; In the days of tri - al His saints He will cheer,

CHORUS.

The might - y sword of truth. Fear not, tho' the en - e - my de -
 In the glo - ri - ous cause of truth.
 And pros - per the cause of truth. Fear not, courage,

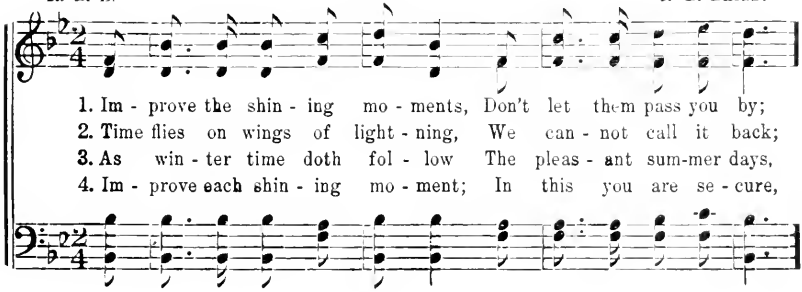
ride, Cour - age, for the Lord is on our side; We will heed not what the

wick - ed may say, But the Lord a - lone we will o - bey. (we will o - bey.)

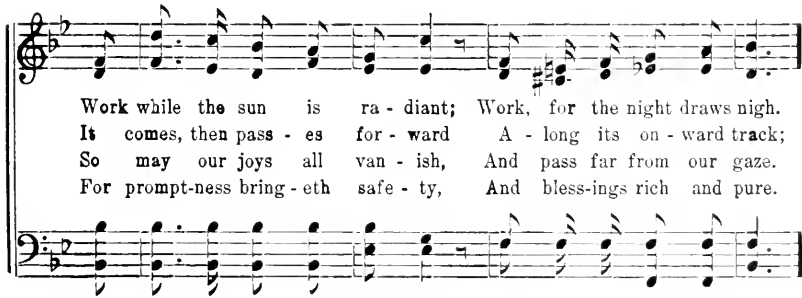
No. 52. Improve the Shining Moments.

R. B. B.

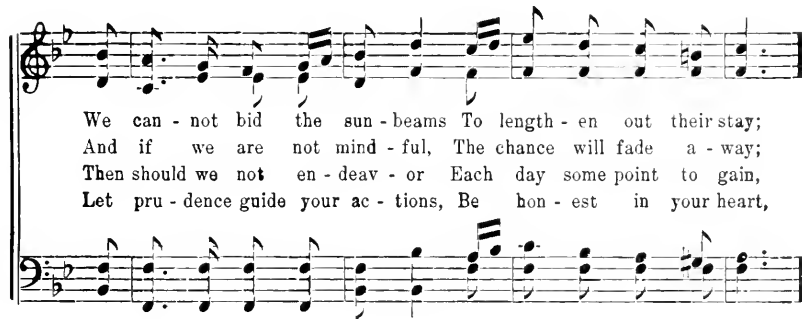
R. B. BAIRD.



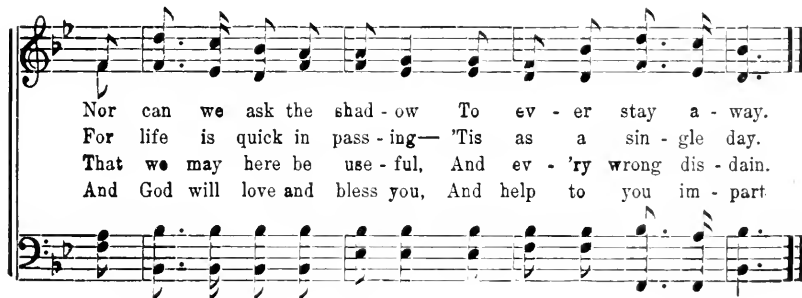
1. Im - prove the shin - ing mo - ments, Don't let them pass you by;
2. Time flies on wings of light - ning, We can - not call it back;
3. As win - ter time doth fol - low The pleas - ant sum - mer days,
4. Im - prove each shin - ing mo - ment; In this you are se - cure,



Work while the sun is ra - dant; Work, for the night draws nigh.
It comes, then pass - es for - ward A - long its on - ward track;
So may our joys all van - ish, And pass far from our gaze.
For prompt - ness bring - eth safe - ty, And bless - ings rich and pure.



We can - not bid the sun - beams To length - en out their stay;
And if we are not mind - ful, The chance will fade a - way;
Then should we not en - deav - or Each day some point to gain,
Let pru - dence guide your ac - tions, Be hon - est in your heart,



Nor can we ask the shad - ow To ev - er stay a - way.
For life is quick in pass - ing— 'Tis as a sin - gle day.
That we may here be use - ful, And ev - 'ry wrong dis - dain.
And God will love and bless you, And help to you im - part

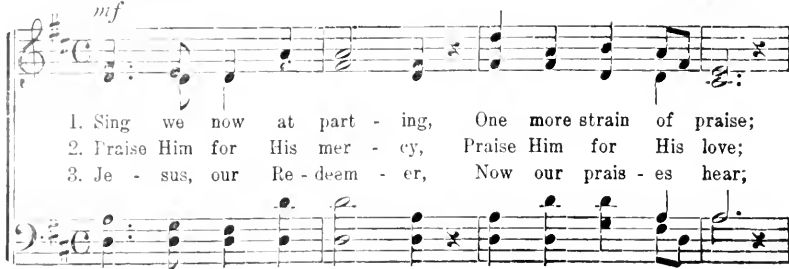
No. 53.

Parting Hymn.

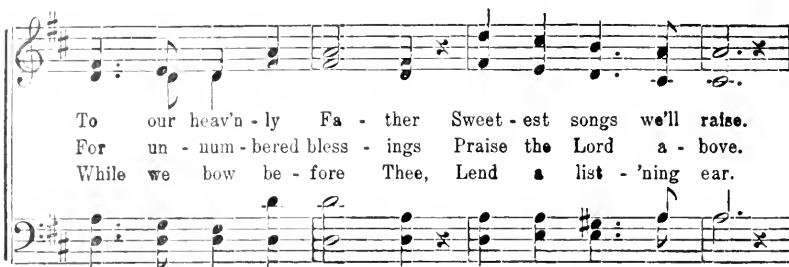
GEO. MANWARING.

E. BEESLEY.

mf

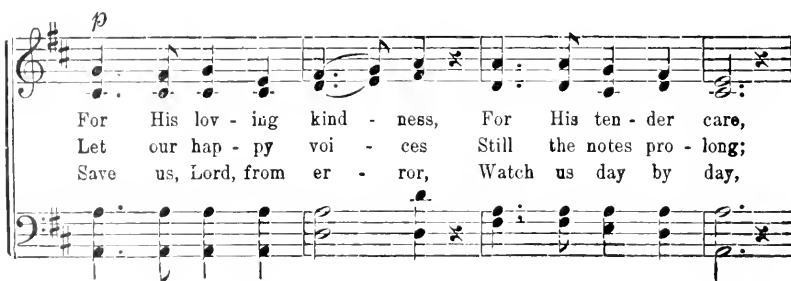


1. Sing we now at part - ing, One more strain of praise;
 2. Praise Him for His mer - cy, Praise Him for His love;
 3. Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Now our prais - es hear;



To our heav'n - ly Fa - ther Sweet - est songs we'll raise.
 For un - num - bered bless - ings Praise the Lord a - bove.
 While we bow be - fore Thee, Lend a list - 'ning ear.

p



For His lov - ing kind - ness, For His ten - der care,
 Let our hap - py voi - ces Still the notes pro - long;
 Save us, Lord, from er - ror, Watch us day by day,

f



Let our songs of glad - ness Rend this Sab - bath air.
 One a - lone is wor - thy Of our sweet - est song.
 Help us now to serve Thee In a pleas - ing way.

GENERAL HYMNS.

No. 54.

Shall We Meet?

ELIHU S. RICE.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voy - age's o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'n's of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.


We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet be - yond the riv - er;

We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll.


No. 55. What Was Witnessed in the Heavens?

J. D.


CHARLES C. CONVERSE.




1. What was witnessed in the heav - ens? Why, an an - gel east - ward bound.
2. Had we not be - fore the Gos - pel? Yes—had several taught by men.
3. Where so long has been the Gos - pel? Did it on the earth re - main?



Had he something with him bring - ing? Yes— the Gospel—joyful sound!
Then what is this lat - ter Gos - pel? 'Tis the first one come a - gain.
No, 'twas taken in - to heav - en, Then restored to man a - gain.



It was to be preached in pow - er On the earth, the an - gel said;
This was preached by Paul and Pet - er, And by Je - sus Christ, the head;
What be - came of the de - part - ed, Who heard not the Gos - pel plan?



To all men, all tongues and na - tions, That up - on its face are spread.
This we lat - ter Saints are preaching— We their foot - steps wish to tread.
Je - sus preached to souls in per - son, What He taught on earth to man.

No. 56.

Come, Dearest Lord.

(Transposed.)

WATTS.

E. STEPHENS.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell, By
 2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make
 3. Now to the God, whose power can do More

faith and love in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we
 our en - larg - ing souls pos - sess And learn the
 than our thoughts or wish - es know, Be ev - er -

know, and taste, and feel The joys that can - not
 haight, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un -
 last - ing hon - or done, By all the Church, thro'

be ex - pressed, The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.
 meas - ured grace, And depth of Thine un - meas - ured grace.
 Christ, His Son, By all the Church, thro' Christ, His Son.

No. 57.

Abide With Me.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 58.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 "Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 59. Still, Still With Thee.

J. D. BURNS.

R. SCHUMANN.

1. Still, still with Thee, my God, I would de - sire to be;
 2. With Thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care,
 3. With Thee when day is done, And even - ing calms the mind;

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.
 Each day re - turn - ing I be - gin, With Thee, my God, in prayer.
 The set - ting, as the ris - ing sun, With Thee, my heart would find.

No. 60.

Nearer, Dear Savior, to Thee.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

WILLIAM CLAYSON.

1. Near-er, dear Sav-ior, to Thee, Near-er, near-er to Thee;
 2. Near-er, dear Sav-ior, to Thee, Near-er, near-er to Thee;
 3. Near-er, dear Sav-ior, to Thee, Near-er, near-er to Thee;
 4. Near-er, dear Sav-ior, to Thee, Near-er, near-er to Thee;

Ev-er I'm striv-ing to be Near-er, yet near-er to Thee!
 Proved by my tri-als I'll be Near-er, yet near-er to Thee!
 Ev-er my an-them will be Near-er, yet near-er to Thee!
 Let me by ho-li-ness be Near-er, yet near-er to Thee!

Trust-ing, in Thee I con-fide, Hop-ing, in Thee I a-bide—
 Hum-bly I come to Thee now, Ear-nest, I pray'r-ful-ly bow—
 Lov-ing Thee, ev-er I pray, Aid me Thy will to o-bey—
 When all my tri-als are done, When my re-ward I have won,

Take, O take and cher-ish me, Near-er, dear Sav-ior, to Thee!

No. 61.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. WESLEY.

J. P. HOLBROOK. ARR.

Soprano and Alto.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 2. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child;
 3. Je - sus, Friend and Help - er mine, Hast Thou made me tru - ly Thine?

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline;
 By the path Thy feet have trod, Lead me dai - ly near - er God.

CHORUS.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou dost bid the sin - ner live—
 Hear, O hear my ten - der prayer; Let me His own im - age bear;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Guide the wan - d'rer day by day, In the straight and nar - row way.
 Let me love Him more and more, Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.

No. 62.

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL SMITH.

GEO. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
 2. See heathen na-tions bend-ing Before the God of love, And thousand hearts as-
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pursue thy onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry

wak - ing To pen-i-tential tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings
 cend - ing In grat-i-tude a-bove; While sin-ners, now re-pent - ing, The gospel's
 na - tion, Nor in thy richness stay. Stay not till all the low - ly, Tri-umph-ant

from a - far, Of na-tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.
 call o - bey, And seek a Sav-ior's blessing, A na-tion in a day.
 reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 63.

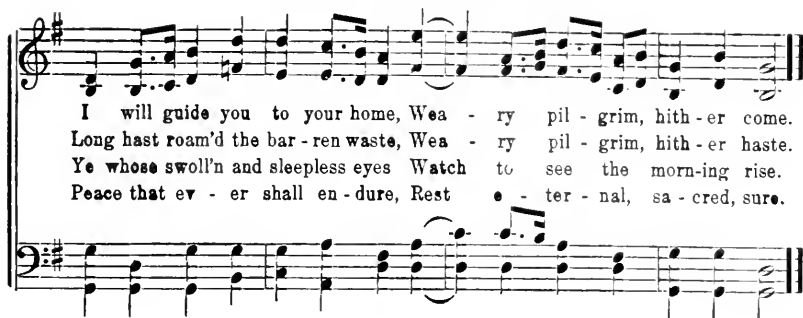
Come, Said Jesus.

A. L. BARBAULD.

Old Tune.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
 2. Thou, who homeless, sole, for - lorn, Long hast born the proud world's scorn,
 3. Ye who tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
 4. Sin - ners, come, for here is found Balm that flows from ev - 'ry wound—

Come, Said Jesus.

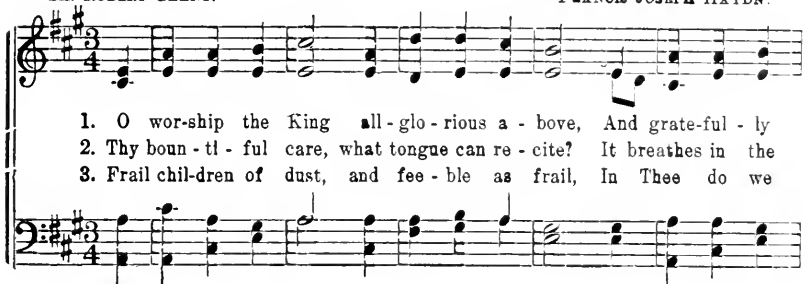


I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
Long hast roam'd the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
Ye whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes Watch to see the morn - ing rise.
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

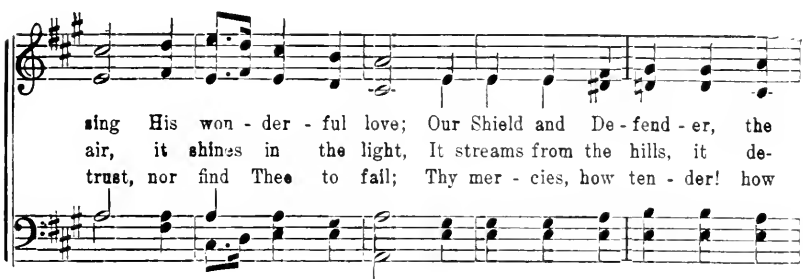
No. 64. O Worship the King.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

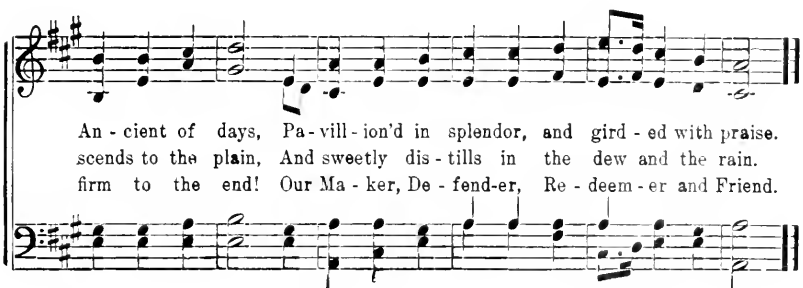
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how



An - cient of days, Pa - vill - ion'd in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.
ascends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

No. 65. Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. BURNS.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hush'd was the ev'n - ing hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
2. The old man meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael slept, His
3. Oh, give me Sam - uel's ear—The o - pen ear, O Lord! A-

lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den -
watch the tem - ple child, The lit - tle Lev - ite kept, And what from
live and quick to hear Each whis - per of Thy word; Like him to

ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.
E - li's sense was sealed The Lord to Han - nah's son re - vealed.
an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.

No. 66. The Rising Sun.

L. BACON.

JUDETH KEYSOR.

1. The rising sun has chased the night, And brought again the cheer - ing light;
2. We laid us down and sweetly slept; The Lord our souls in safe - ty kept;
3. We know not what His will ordains, But 'tis our joy that Je - sus reigns;

The Rising Sun.

This mer-cy mul-ti-plies our days, And calls us to re-new our praise.
 We wake, His goodness to pro-claim, And sing new hon-ors to His name.
 Tho' dangers, snares and foes a-bound, E-ter-nal arms will us sur-round.

No. 67.

My Friend.

L. LULA G. RICHARDS.

LUCY MAY GREEN.

1. My Friend, I look to Thee most kind and true, To shield and com-fort
 2. I have no pow'r to fill life's great de-sign, Save as I learn Thy
 3. Sure is Thy prom-ise true to all who hear, And Thou wilt guide my

me life's jour-ney thro' Dark-ness and death extend with wild in-crease,
 will and make it mine, Help me to un-der-stand Thy faint-est call;
 feet I have no fear, So all life's jonr-ney thro' un-til the end,

And still with Thee, my Friend, is perfect peace, Is per-fect peace.
 Let me but touch Thy hand, I shall not fall, I shall not fall.
 I'll trust Thy love most true, my per-fect] Friend, My per-fect Friend.

An Angel from on High.*

Andante.

(Transposed.)

J. TULLIDGE.

1. An an - gel from on high The long, long sil - lence broke; De -
 2. Seal'd by Mo - ro - ni's hand, It has for a - gea - lain, To
 3. It speaks of Jo - seph's seed, And makes the rem - nant known Of

scend - ing from the sky, These gra - cious words he spoke:
 wait the Lord's com - mand, From dust to speak a - gain.
 na - tions long since dead, Who once had dwelt a - lone.

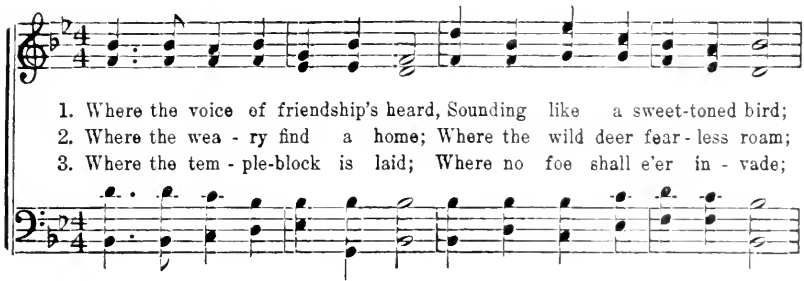
CHORUS.

Lo! in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill, A sa - cred rec - ord lies conceal'd.
 It shall a - gain to light come forth, To usher in Christ's reign on earth.
 The ful - ness of the Gos - pel, too, Its pa - ges will re - veal to view.

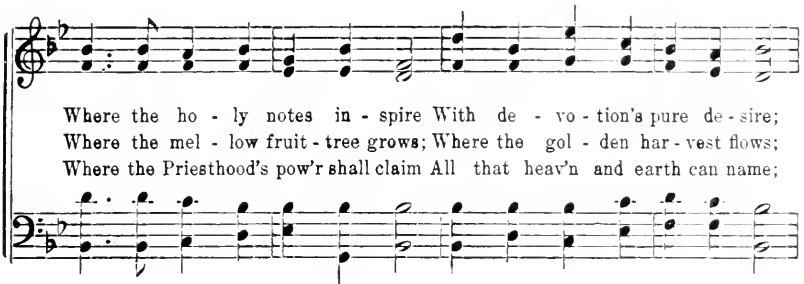
Lo! in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill, A sa - cred re - cord lies conceal'd.
 It shall again to light come forth, To usher in Christ's reign on earth.
 The ful - ness of the Gospel, too, Its pa - ges will re - veal to view.

* If sung by choir, sing first part as duet.

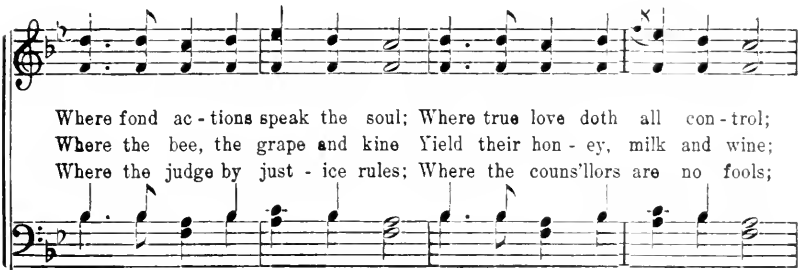
No. 69. Where the Voice of Friendship's Heard.



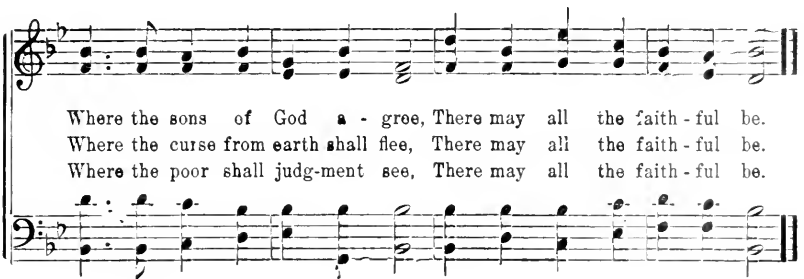
1. Where the voice of friendship's heard, Sounding like a sweet-toned bird;
 2. Where the wea - ry find a home; Where the wild deer fear - less roam;
 3. Where the tem - ple-block is laid; Where no foe shall e'er in - vade;



Where the ho - ly notes in - spire With de - vo - tion's pure de - sire;
 Where the mel - low fruit - tree grows; Where the gol - den har - vest flows;
 Where the Priesthood's pow'r shall claim All that heav'n and earth can name;



Where fond ac - tions speak the soul; Where true love doth all con - trol;
 Where the bee, the grape and kine Yield their hon - ey, milk and wine;
 Where the judge by just - ice rules; Where the couns'lers are no fools;

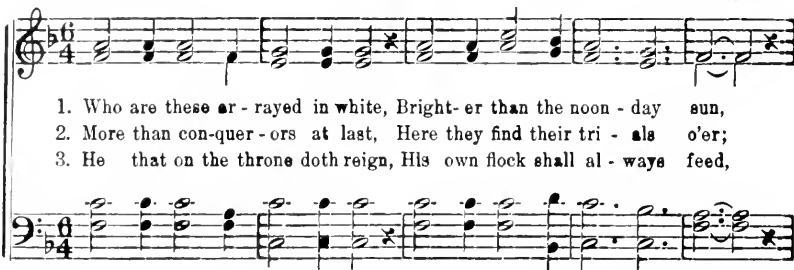


Where the sons of God a - gree, There may all the faith - ful be.
 Where the curse from earth shall flee, There may all the faith - ful be.
 Where the poor shall judg - ment see, There may all the faith - ful be.

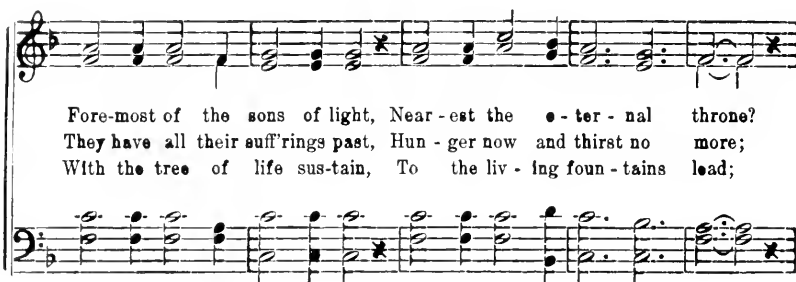
No. 70. Who Are These Arrayed in White?

DE COURCY.

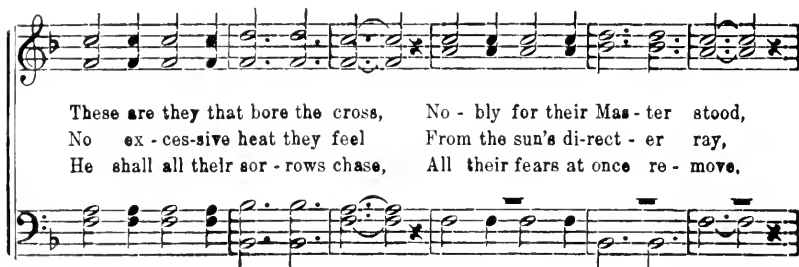
S. B. MARSH.



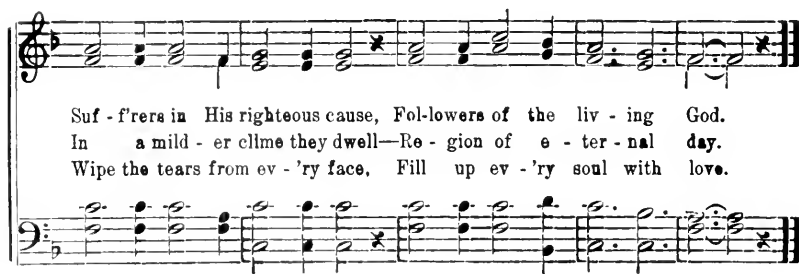
1. Who are these ar - rayed in white, Bright - er than the noon - day sun,
2. More than con - quer - ors at last, Here they find their tri - als o'er;
3. He that on the throne doth reign, His own flock shall al - ways feed,



Fore - most of the sons of light, Near - est the e - ter - nal throne?
They have all their suffrings past, Hun - ger now and thirst no more;
With the tree of life sus - tain, To the liv - ing foun - tains lead;



These are they that bore the cross, No - bly for their Mas - ter stood,
No ex - ces - sive heat they feel From the sun's di - rect - er ray,
He shall all their sor - rows chase, All their fears at once re - move,



Suf - frers in His righteous cause, Fol - lowers of the liv - ing God.
In a mild - er clime they dwell—Re - gion of e - ter - nal day.
Wipe the tears from ev - 'ry face, Fill up ev - 'ry soul with love.

No. 71.

God Speed the Right.

W. G. HICKSON.

f *mf*

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as - cend - ing, God speed the right;
 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;
 3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;

f *mf*

In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.
 Ne'er des - pair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right.
 Ne'er th'e - vent nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right.

f

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on
 Like the great and good in sto - ry, if we fail, we
 Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heav'n's good

ff

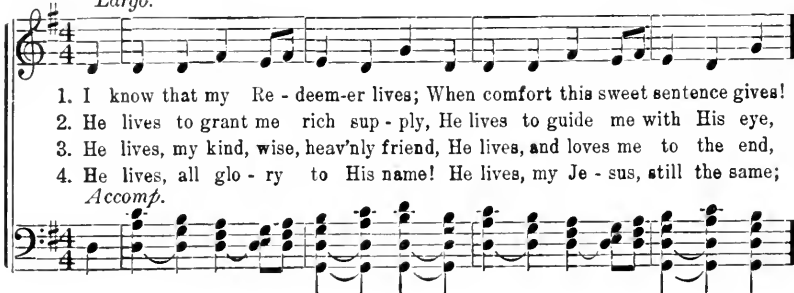
earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.

No. 72. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

MEDLEY.

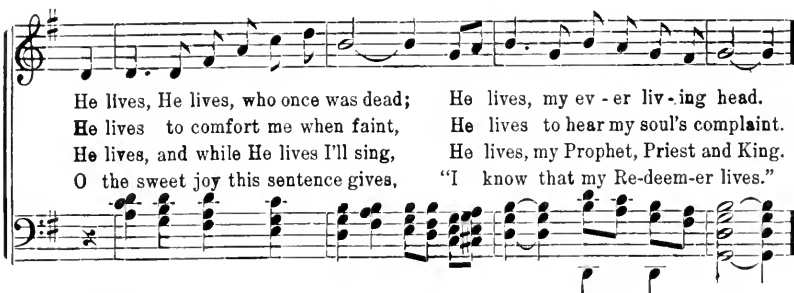
L. D. EDWARDS.

Largo.



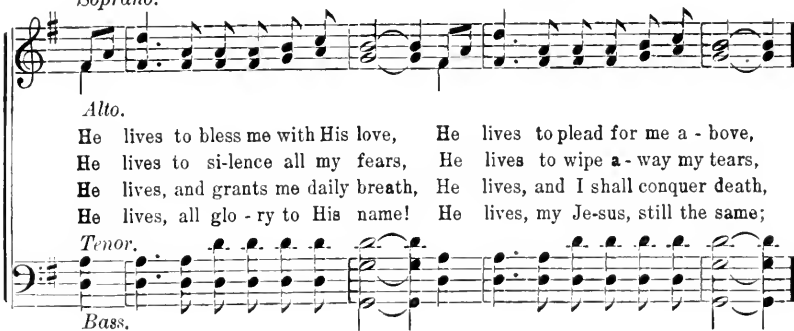
1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives; When comfort this sweet sentence gives!
 2. He lives to grant me rich sup - ply, He lives to guide me with His eye,
 3. He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend, He lives, and loves me to the end,
 4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je - sus, still the same;

Accomp.



He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er liv - ing head.
 He lives to comfort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
 He lives, and while He lives I'll sing, He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives."

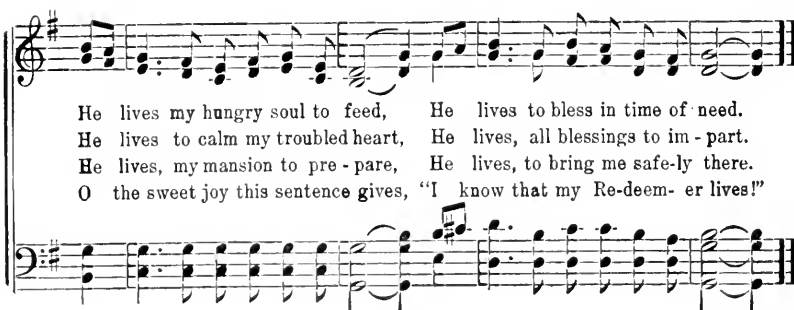
Soprano.



Alto.
 He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,
 He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a - way my tears,
 He lives, and grants me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death,
 He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je-sus, still the same;

Tenor.

Bass.



He lives my hungry soul to feed, He lives to bless in time of need.
 He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives, all blessings to im - part.
 He lives, my mansion to pre - pare, He lives, to bring me safe-ly there.
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!"

No. 73.

God Bless Our Mountain Home.

E. S.

E. STEPHENS.

Duet.

1. O hap - py home a - mong the hills, Where flow a thou - sand crys - tal
 2. Fanned by the cool, soft mountain air, The val - leys turn with beau - ties
 3. May no in - trud - ing hos - tile band, E'er des - e - crate our beauteous

rills; Sur - round - ed by grand mountains high, Whose snow - clad summits reach the
 rare; And flow - ers deck the hills and plains, Re - freshed by springs and autumn
 land; Nor war's a - larms dis - turb the rest And peace with which our homes are

sky; My heart en - rap - tured with the sight, Cries to the heavens with delight.
 rains; Each nook contains a cit - y fair, Filled with warm hearts who breathe a prayer.
 blest, While gen - er - a - tions swell the throng Of hap - py hearts to sing the song.

CHORUS.

God bless our moun - tain home, God bless our moun - tain home.
 God bless and guard our moun - tain home,

The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. KOCHAT. ARR.

Lento.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With

feed in green pastures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
 Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
 blessings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy

deems when oppressed; Restores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
 Com - fort - er near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?

No. 75.

Nay, Speak No Ill.



1. Nay, speak no ill, a kind-ly word Can nev-er leave a sting be-hind;
2. Give me the heart that fain would hide—Would fain another's faults ef - face:
3. Then speak no ill, but le-nient be To oth-er's fail - ings as your own;



And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard, Is far be-neath a no - ble mind.
 How can it please the hu - man pride To prove hu-man - i - ty but base?
 If you're the first a fault to see, Be not the first to make it known.



Full oft a bet - te. seed is sown By choosing thus the kind - er plan,
 No, let us reach a higher mood—A no - bler es - ti - mate of man,
 For life is but a passing day, No lip may tell how brief its span;



For, if but lit - tle good is known, Still let us speak the best we can.
 Be earnest in the search for good, And speak of all the best we can.
 Then, O the lit - tle time we stay, Let's speak of all the best we can.



No. 76.

Jesus, My Savior.

C. E. L.

Arr. by C. E. LESLIE.

With expression.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Let me hear Thy gen - tle voice; Teach me to
 2. Sweet - ly the Sav - ior Whis - pers to the lov - ing heart Words of sweet

love Thee, Let my heart re - joice. I have strayed far from Thee,
 com - fort, That will ne'er de - part. Faith will bring the bless - ing,

Yet my soul would near Thee be, Near - er to my Sav - ior,
 Faith will strength - en ev - 'ry pray'r; Come to Him in suf - fring,

rit. *p* CHORUS,
 Near - er, Lord, to Thee. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Let me hear Thy
 Come to Him in pray'r.

*Alto sing small notes above Soprano.
 rit. dim.*

gen - tle voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re - joice.

No. 77. When First the Glorious Light of Truth.

WM. CLAYTON.

mf

1. When first the glo-ri-ous light of truth Burst forth in this last age, How
 2. How ma - ny on Mis - sou - ri's plains Were left in death's embrace, — Pure,
 3. And in Nau - voo, the cit - y where The Tem - ple cheered the brave, Hun-

few there were with heart and soul T' o-bey it did en - gage; Yet of those
 hon - est hearts, too good to live In such a wick - ed place; And are they
 dreds of faithful Saints have found A cold, yet peace - ful grave; And there they

few how ma - ny Have passed from earth a-way, And in their graves are
 left in sor - row And doubt to pine a - way? Oh, no; in peace they're
 now are sleep - ing Be - neath the si - lent clay; But soon they'll share the

sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day! Till the res - ur - rec - tion
 sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day! Till the res - ur - rec - tion
 glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion day! Of a res - ur - rec - tion

day! And in their graves are sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day!
 day! Oh, no; in peace they're sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day!
 day! But soon they'll share the glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion day!

No. 78.

O Happy Home.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. O hap - py home! O blest a - bode! Where saints com - munion
 2. In Bab - y - lon I loathe to stay; Dire are the e - vils
 3. No love but heav'n's would I re - ceive—No oth - er doc - trines

hold with God, With - out a doubt or fear; When shall I reach thy
 day by day With - in her pre - cincts dark. Truth's brighter rays ex -
 e'er be - lieve, Than those by Je - sus taught. I'd trace the path His

fer - tile plains, As - cend the mount where virtue gains A more ex - alt - ed
 pose the night, Each hon - est mind receives the light, And presses to the
 foot - steps trod, The on - ly way that leads to God; All oth - er ways are

After last verse.

sphere?... A more ex - alt - ed sphere?
 mark, And press - es to the mark.
 naught,.... All oth - er ways are naught. A - men.

No. 79. Now a Galm and Peaceful Sleep.

Slow.

1. Now a calm and peace - ful sleep Spreads o'er all the glass - y deep;
 2. So the earth shall find re - pose From op - pres - sion and from woe,

Now a Galm and Peaceful Sleep.

In the az - ure lake se - rene Like an - oth - er heav'n is seen.
And an im - aged heav'n ap - pear On our world of dark - ness here.

No. 80. We Thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

L. LULA GREEN RICHARDS.

LUCY MAY GREEN.

Moderato.

1. We thank Thee, heav'nly Fa - ther, For sa - cred, ho - ly ground,
2. We thank Thee for the tem - ples, Where - in Thy peo - ple throng,
3. We thank Thee for the spread - ing Of gos - pel truths a - broad,

Where bless - ings of the gos - pel And pre - cious gifts a - bound;
For friend - ship, love and u - nion, Which makes us glad and strong;
The light of which shall van - quish All ig - no - rance and fraud,

For true and loy - al peo - ple, Whom Thou hast plant - ed here,
For dreams and in - spi - ra - tion, For rec - ords of our dead,
That all who will may gath - er, Re - joic - ing in Thy grace,

From con - ti - nents and is - lands, All na - tions far and near.
And faith to help re - deem them, As by Thy Spir - it led.
And stand in ho - ly pla - ces, Pre - pared to see Thy face.

No. 81.

Rest for the Weary Soul.

H. W. NAISBITT.

GEO. CARELFS.

1. Rest, rest, for the wea - ry soul, Rest, rest, for the ach - ing head,
 2. Rest, rest, for the bat - tle's o'er, Rest, rest, for the race is run,
 3. Peace, peace, where no strife intrudes, Peace, peace, where no quarrels come,

Rest, rest, on the hill - side, rest With the great un - count - ed dead.
 Rest, rest, where the gates are closed With each evening's set - ing sun.
 Peace, peace, for the end is there Of our wild life's bus - y hum.

4. Peace, peace, the op - pressed are free, Rest, rest, oh, ye wea - ry, rest;
 5. Peace, peace, there is mu - sic's sound, Peace, peace, till the ris - ing sun

For the an - gels guard those well Who sleep on their moth - er's breast.
 Of the res - ur - rec - tion morn Pro - claims life's vic - t'ry won.

No. 82.

Silent Night.

Anonymous.

1. Si - lent night, peace - ful night! All things sleep, shep - herds keep
 2. Bright the star shines a - far, Guid - ing trav - lers on their way,
 3. Light a - round! joy - ous sound! An - gel voic - es wake the air;

Silent Night.

Watch on Bethlehem's si - lent hill, And un - seen, while all is still,
Who their gold and in - cense bring, Of - f'rings to the prom - ised King,
'Glo - ry be to God in heav'n, Peace on earth to you is giv'n,

An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.
Child of Da - vid's line, Child of Da - vid's line.
Christ the Sav - ior's come, Christ the Sav - ior's come."

No. 83. God Moves In a Mysterious Way.

COWPER.

Arranged by E. D. MANN.

1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, His won - ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Ye fear - ful Saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace,

He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treasures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov - 'reign will.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence, He hides a smil - ing face.

No. 84.

Rock of My Refuge.

TRIO or CHORUS.

ARR. GATES.

1. As swift - ly my days go out on the wing, As on - ward my bark drifts
 2. Dark sor - row may come with ma - ny a sting, Stern tri - als in life my
 3. Till an - gels of light my summons shall bring, Till up - ward with joy my

o - ver the sea, O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing, The
 por - tion may be; O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing, The
 spir - it shall flee; O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing, The

rock of my ref - uge is Thee, The rock of my ref - uge is

Thee. Rock of my ref - uge so sure,.... Rock of my

ref - uge so strong;.... O hide me there - in From

Rock of My Refuge.

dan - ger and sin, While here I am sing - ing my song.

The musical score for 'Rock of My Refuge' is written in G major and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics: 'dan - ger and sin, While here I am sing - ing my song.'

No. 85.

Take Courage, Saints.

J. CRYSTAL.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Take cour-age, Saints, and faint not by the way, Though storm-clouds
2. The dark-est hour is just be-fore the dawn, Yet who shall
3. Let not the heart be sad at tri-als here, But sense how

The first system of the musical score for 'Take Courage, Saints' is in B-flat major and 4/4 time. It includes three lines of lyrics: '1. Take cour-age, Saints, and faint not by the way, Though storm-clouds', '2. The dark-est hour is just be-fore the dawn, Yet who shall', and '3. Let not the heart be sad at tri-als here, But sense how'.

thick and fast be hov'-ring nigh: The sun pro-claims the glo - ry
doubt the fast ap-proach-ing morn? Or when we see the snow-clad
e'en the Sav-ior suf-fered ill; He bore the cru - el thorn, the

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'thick and fast be hov'-ring nigh: The sun pro-claims the glo - ry', 'doubt the fast ap-proach-ing morn? Or when we see the snow-clad', and 'e'en the Sav-ior suf-fered ill; He bore the cru - el thorn, the'.

of the day, Be - hind the clouds as in the cloud-less sky.
hedge and lawn, Who dares to say that spring will ne'er re - turn?
gall - ing spear, To glo - ri - fy His Fa-ther's ho - ly will.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'of the day, Be - hind the clouds as in the cloud-less sky.', 'hedge and lawn, Who dares to say that spring will ne'er re - turn?', and 'gall - ing spear, To glo - ri - fy His Fa-ther's ho - ly will.'

No. 86. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

THOS. HASTINGS.

(Transposed.)

E. F. PARRY.

1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,
2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,
3. Lo! in the des - ert the rich flow'rs are spring - ing,
4. Hark! from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean,

Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!
Long by the Proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told!
Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;

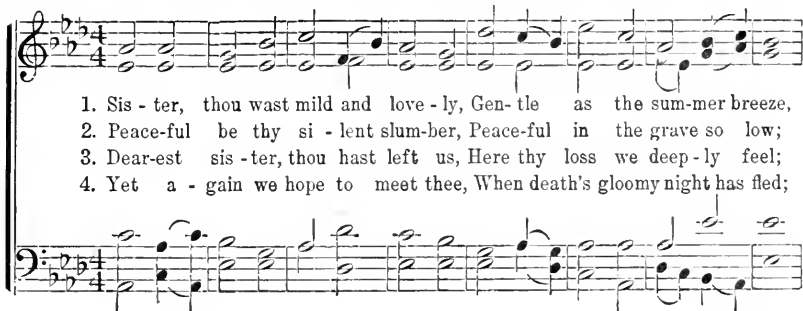
Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing,
Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re - turn - ing!
Loud from the moun - tain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing,
Fall - en are en - gines of war and com - mo - tion,

Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
Gen - tiles and Jews the glad vi - sion be - hold.
Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the air.

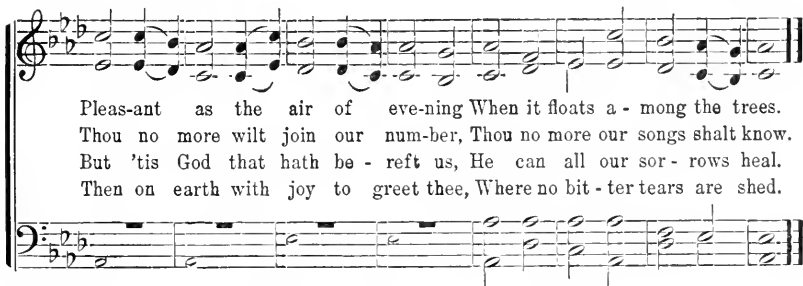
No. 87. Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely.

S. F. SMITH.

JOHN S. LEWIS.



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low;
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When death's gloomy night has fled;



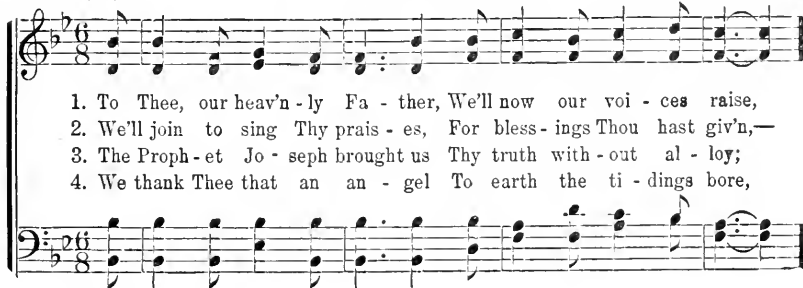
Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning When it floats a - mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
But 'tis God that hath be - rept us, He can all our sor - rows heal.
Then on earth with joy to greet thee, Where no bit - ter tears are shed.

No. 88. To Thee, O Heavenly Father.

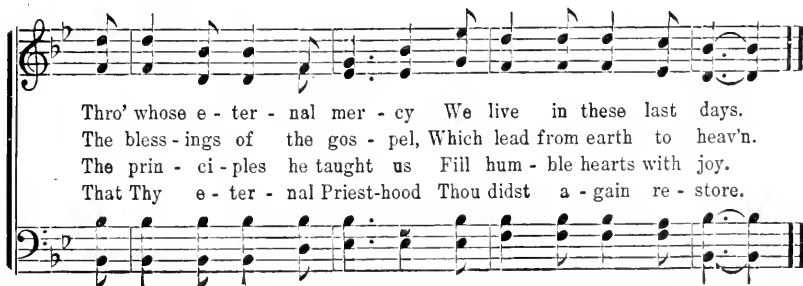
(A Thanksgiving Hymn.)

B. N. K.

EDWIN F. PARRY.



1. To Thee, our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, We'll now our voi - ces raise,
2. We'll join to sing Thy prais - es, For bless - ings Thou hast giv'n,—
3. The Proph - et Jo - seph brought us Thy truth with - out al - loy;
4. We thank Thee that an an - gel To earth the ti - dings bore,



Thro' whose e - ter - nal mer - cy We live in these last days.
The bless - ings of the gos - pel, Which lead from earth to heav'n.
The prin - ci - ples he taught us Fill hum - ble hearts with joy.
That Thy e - ter - nal Priest - hood Thou didst a - gain re - store.

No. 89. Kind Words are Sweet Tones.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

(Solo and Chorus.)

E. BEESLEY.

1. Let us oft speak kind words to each oth - er, At
 2. Like the sun - beams of morn on the moun-tains, The

home or where'er we may be; Like the warb - lings of
 soul they a - wake to good cheer; Like the mur - mur of

birds on the heath-er, The tones will be welcome and free;
 cool, pleasant foun-tains, They fall in sweet ca-den - ces near.

They'll glad - den the heart that's re - pin - ing, Give
 Let's oft, then, in kind - ly - toned voi - ces, Our

Kind Words are Sweet Tones.

cour - age and hope from a - bove; And where the dark clouds hide the
 mu - tu - al friend-ship re - new; Till heart meets with heart and re-

rit.

shin - ing,.... Let in the bright sun - light of love.
 jol - ces,.... In friend-ship that ev - er is true.

CHORUS.

Oh, the kind words we give shall in mem-o-ry live, And sunshine for-ev - er im-

part; Let us oft speak kind words to each other, Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

No. 90. Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

L. D. EDWARDS.

March movement.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trump - et - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers,
 2. It sets my heart all in a flame, A sol - dier brave to be;
 3. To see our ar - mies on pa - rade, How mar - tial they ap - pear!
 4. The trumpets sound, the ar - mies shout, They drive the hosts of hell,

On Zi - on's bright and flow - 'ry mount Be - hold the of - fi - cers.
 I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.
 All armed and dressed in u - ni - form, They look like men of war.
 How dread - ful is our God, our King, The great E - man - u - el.

Their hors - es white, their ar - mor bright, With cour - age bold they stand,
 We want no cow - ards in our band, Who will our col - ors fly,
 They fol - low their great Gen - er - al, The great E - ter - nal Lamb;
 Sin - ners, en - list with Je - sus Christ, Th'e - ter - nal Son of God,

En - list - ed sol - diers for their King, To march to Zi - on's land.
 We call for val - iant - heart - ed men, Who're not a - afraid to die.
 His garments stained in His own blood, King Je - sus is His name.
 And march with us to Zi - on's land, Be - yond the swelling flood.

No. 91. O Thou Rock of Our Salvation.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

(Transposed.)

WM. CLAYSON.

1. Oh, Thou Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,
 2. We a war 'gainst sin are wag - ing, We're con - tend - ing for the right,
 3. On - ward, on - ward, we'll be sing - ing, As we're marching firm and true,
 4. When for all that we've con - tend - ed, When the fight of faith we've won,

In our poor and low - ly sta - tion We Thy ban - ner have un - furled.
 Ev - 'ry day the bat - tle's rag - ing, Help us, Lord, to win the fight.
 Each suc - ceed - ing bat - tle ring - ing Ear - nest of what we can do.
 When the strife and bat - tle's end - ed, And our la - bor here is done,

CHORUS.

Gath - er round the stand - ard - bear - er, Gath - er round in strength and youth;
 (After last verse.)
 Then, O Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,

Ev - 'ry day the pro - spect's fair - er, While we're battling for the truth.
 Take us from our low - ly sta - tion, Let our flag with Thee be furled.

No. 92.

Beautiful Words of Love.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. O ho - ly words of truth and love We hear from day to day,
 2. They're from A-pos-tles good and true, Whose names we all re - vere,
 3. They're from the Prophets God in-spires, In coun - sels oft with - stood,
 4. And from each cho - sen one that speaks By aid the Spir - it gives,
 5. As gems of wis - dom, pure and bright, That glow with lus - trous ray,

Re - vealed to Saints from God a - bove, To guide in heav-en's way.
 Who dai - ly teach us what to do, In words of love and cheer.
 Re - prov - ing all our ill de - sires, Com - mend - ing all that's good.
 For ev - 'ry sphere of life it seeks For ev - 'ry - one that lives.
 We'll seek to gain these words of light, Their coun - sels to o - bey.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful words of love,..... Com-ing from God a - bove,.....
 Beau-ti-ful words, Com-ing from God,

rit.
 How sweet, how dear the words we hear! They're beau-ti-ful words of love.

No. 93. O What Songs of the Heart.

(Transposed.)

J. L. TOWNSHEND.

WILLIAM CLAYSON.

1. O what songs of the heart We shall sing all the day, When a-gain we as-
 2. Tho' our rap-ture and bliss There's no song can 'express; We will shout, we will
 3. O the vi-sions we'll see In that home of the blest, There's no words, there's no
 4. O what songs we'll employ! O what welcomes we'll hear! While our transports of

sem - ble at home; When we meet, ne'er to part, With the blest o'er the way,
 sing o'er and o'er, As we greet with a kiss, And with joy we ca - ress
 tho'ts can im-part, But our rap-ture will be All the soul can at - test
 love are com-plete; As the heart swells with joy In em - bra - ces most dear,

There no more from our loved ones to roam! When we meet ne'er to part,
 All our loved ones that passed on be - fore; As we greet with a kiss,
 In the heav - en - ly songs of the heart; But our rap - ture will be
 When our heav-en - ly Par-ents we meet! As the heart swells with joy,

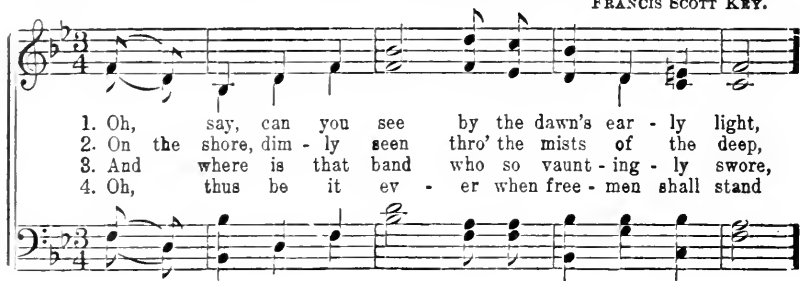
O what songs of the heart We shall sing in our beau - ti - ful home.
 In our rap - ture and bliss, All our loved ones that passed on be - fore.
 In the vi - sions we'll see Best ex - pressed in the songs of the heart.
 O what songs we'll em - ploy, When our heav-en - ly Par-ents we meet.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

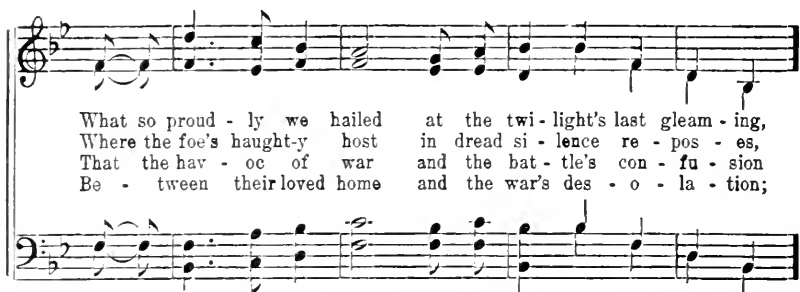
No. 94.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

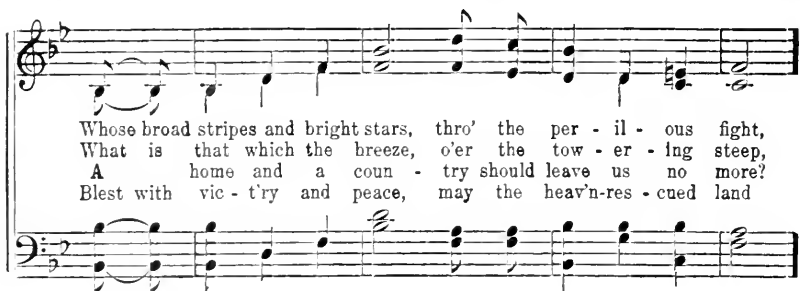
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



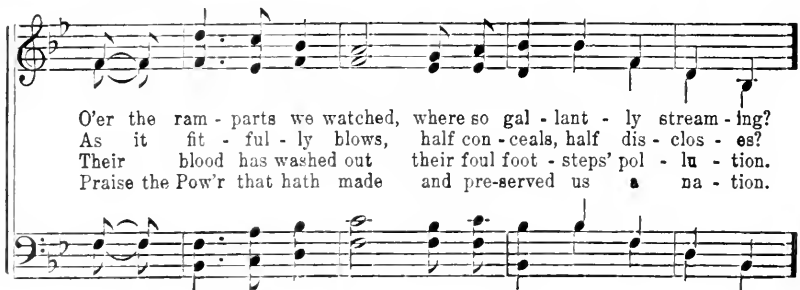
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand



What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing,
Where the foe's haught - y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion
Be - tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion;



Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land



O'er the ram - parts we watched, where so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion.

The Star Spangled Banner.

And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave,
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 In ful glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream;
 From the ter - or of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
 And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS. *ff*

Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave
 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner; oh, long may it wave
 And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave
 And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

O'er the land.... of the free, and the home of the brave?

No. 95. Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. Free - dom waves her joy - ous pin - ions O'er a land, from
 2. Un - ion, love and fel - low feel - ing Mark the saint - ed
 3. Now no ty - rant's scep - tre sad - dens; Now no big - ot's
 4. Crown and scep - tre, sword and buckler - Bau - bles! - lay them
 5. 'Tis thy fu - ture glo - ry, Zi - on, Glitt - ring in ce -

sea... to sea, Ran - sored, right - eous, and..... re - joic - ing,
 day... of power; Rich and poor in all..... things e - qual,
 power can bind, Faith and work, a - like..... un - fet - tered,
 at her feet. Strife no more shall vex..... cre - a - tion;
 lea - tial rays, As the o - cean's sun - lit surg - ing,

In a world - wide ju - bi - lee. O'er a peo - ple
 Right - eous - ness their rock and tower. Moun - tain peaks of
 Win the goal by heav'n de - signed. God, not mam - mon,
 Christ's is now the king - ly seat. Cit - ies, em - pires,
 Rolls up - on my rapt - ured gaze! All that ag - es

hap - py, ho - ly, Gift - ed now with heav'n - ly grace, Free from
 pride are lev - eled, Lift - ed up the low - ly plain, Crook - ed -
 hath the wor - ship Of His peo - ple, pure in heart; This is
 king - doms, pow - ers, In one might - y realm di - vine. She, the
 past have promised, All that no - blest minds have prized, All that

Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

ev - 'ry sor - did fet-ter That en - slaved a fall - en race.
 ness made straight, while crudeness Now gives way to cul - ture's reign.
 Zi - on, oh, ye na-tions, Choose with her "the bet - ter part."
 least and last of na-tions, Henceforth as their head shall shine.
 ho - ly lips have prayed for, Here and now are re - a - lized.

No. 96.

Land of the Free.

Moderato.

Words and music by JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. I love my own, my native land, The birthplace of the free, Blest
 2. From ev-'ry clime, from ev-'ry land, To thee, fair land of mine, The
 3. And in the fu-ture golden years, O may I al - ways be Loy-

from a-bove, 'tis thee I love, Sweet land of lib - er - ty.....
 peo-ple come, both old and young, To wor-ship at thy shrine.....
 al and true, faithful to thee, My God and lib - er - ty.....

CHORUS.

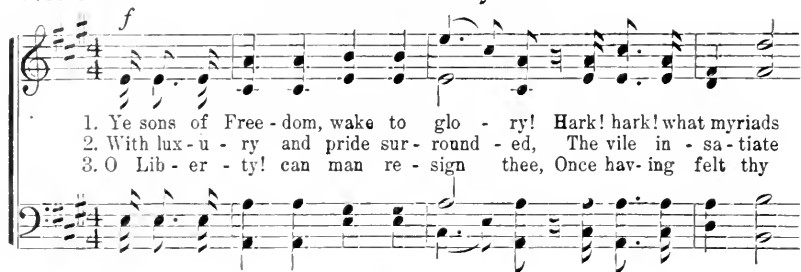
Land of the free, we hon - or thee, Thy ban - ners are un - furled,

Flag of the free, we hon - or thee, O wave to all the world.

No. 97.

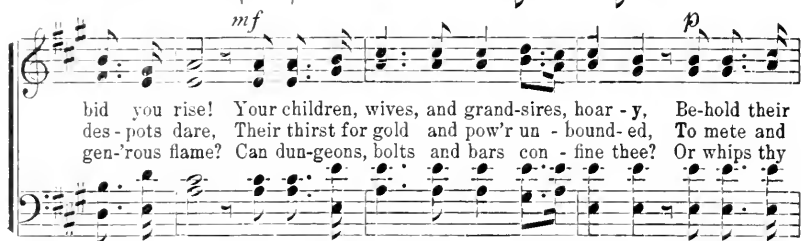
Marseillaise Hymn.

f

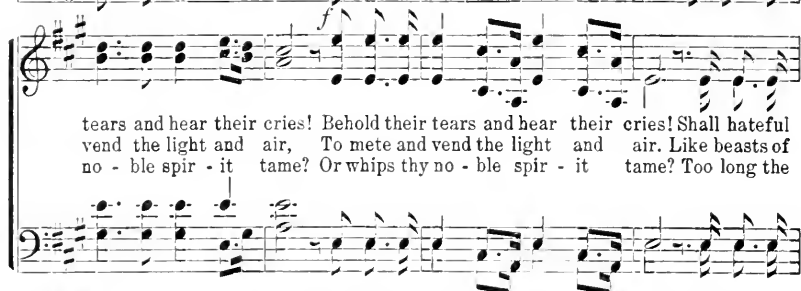


1. Ye sons of Free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in - sa - tiate
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy

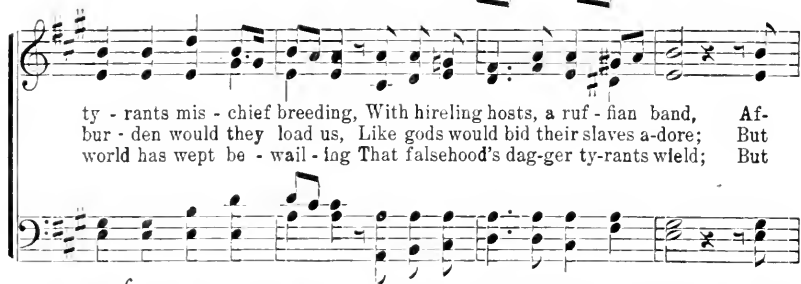
mf



bid you rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires, hoar - y, Be-hold their
des - pots dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and
gen - erous flame? Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy

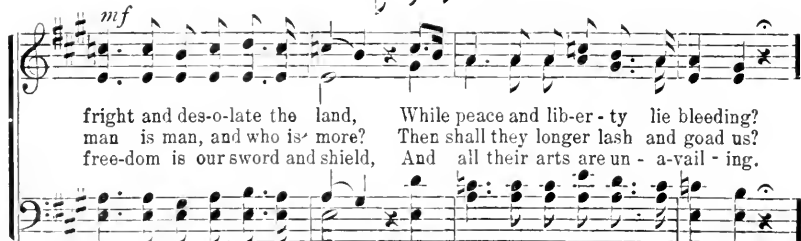


tears and hear their cries! Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful
vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of
no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the



ty - rants mis - chief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -
bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore; But
world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty-rants wield; But

mf



fright and des-o-late the land, While peace and lib-er - ty lie bleeding?
man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a-vail - ing.

Marseillaise Hymn.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a - veng - ing sword unsheathed!

March on, march on! all hearts re-solved on vio - to - ry or death.

No. 98.

America.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

H. CAREY.

1. My coun - try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

cres.

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 99. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Spirited.

1. O Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
 2. When war waged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the
 3. The star - spangled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co - lum - bia's true

brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de - vo - tion, A
 land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co -
 sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its

world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy mandates make he - roes as -
 lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -
 stars cease to shine on the brave: May the serv - ice, u - nit - ed, ne'er

sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
 round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The

banners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
 flag proud - ly waving be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

banners make tyr-an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly float-irg be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for-ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

No. 100.

Hail, Columbia!

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who
2. Im - mor - tal patriots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name Ring
4. Be - hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The

fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And
no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-
thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud applause; Let
rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But

Hail, Columbia!

when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val - or won. Let
vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toll and blood the well-earned prize. While
ev - 'ry clime to free-dom dear Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When

in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;
off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with God-like pow'r. He gov-erns in the fear - ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom obscured Co-lumbia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
Truth and Just - ice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

No. 101.

Utah, We Love Thee.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Land of the moun - tains high, U - tah, we love thee!
 2. Co - lum - bia's new - est star, U - tah, we love thee!
 3. Land of the Pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee!

Land of the sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee!
 Thy lus - tre shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee!
 Grow with the com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee!

Far in the glo - rious west, Throned on the moun - tain's crest,
 Bright in our ban - ner's blue, A - mong her sis - ters true,
 With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo - ry soar,

In robes of state - hood dressed, U - tah, we love thee!
 She proud - ly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee!
 God guard - ed ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee!

No. 102. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWARD.

W. STEFFE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
 2. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye
 3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 4. In the bean - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the He - ro
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble, swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
 born of wo - man, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

No. 103.

Flag of the Free.

WAGNER.

Steady time.

1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
 2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho - sen of God while His

thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light,
 might we a - dore; In lib - er - ty's van for man-hood of man,

Float ev - er proud - ly from moun-tain to shore. Em - blem of Free-dom,
 Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er. Pride of our coun - try,

hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save; While thro' the
 hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would darken a star; While thro' the

sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!

SPECIAL MUSIC.

Choruses, Quartets, Trios, Duets, Solos, Etc.

No. 104. Our Mountain Home So Dear.

EMMELINE B. WILLS.

Chorus.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Our moun - tain home so dear, Where crys - tal
2. We'll roam the ver - dant hills, And by the
3. In syl - van depth and shade, In for - est
4. The stream - let, flow'r and rod, Be - speak the

wa - ters clear, Flow ev - er free, Flow ev - er free;
spark - ling rills, Pluck the wild flow'rs, Pluck the wild flow'rs;
and in glade, Wher - e'er we pass, Wher - e'er we pass;
work of God, And all com - bine, And all com - bine;

Flow ev - er free,

While thro' the val - leys wide, The flow'rs on ev - 'ry side
The fra - grance on the air, The land - scape bright and fair,
The hand of God we see In leaf, and bud, and tree,
With most trans - port - ing grace, His hand - i - work to trace

Bloom in their state - ly pride, Are fair to see.
And sun - shine ev - 'ry - where, Make pleas - ant hours.
Or bird or hum - ming bee, Or blade of grass.
Thro' na - ture's smil - ing face, In heart di - vine.

No. 105.

Beyond To-day.

C. L. B.

Duet and Chorus.

T. H. M.

Duet.

Andante legato.

1. If we could see beyond to-day,
2. If we could know beyond to-day,
3. "If we could see, if we could know,"

As God can see; If all the clouds should roll away, The shadows flee.
 As God doth know; Why dearest treasures pass a-way, And tears must flow.
 We oft - en say; But God in love a veil doth throw, A - cross our way.

CHORUS. *Con moto.*

O'er pres-ent griefs we should not fret, Each sor-row we would soon for-get;
 And why the dark - ness leads the light, Why drear-y paths will soon grow bright;
 We can - not see what lies be - fore, And so we cling to Him the more;

Slower.

For ma - ny joys are wait - ing yet, For you and me. (For you and me.)
 Some day life's wrongs will be made right, Faith tell us so. (Faith tell us so.)
 He leads us till this life is o'er, Trust and o - bey. (Trust and o - bey.)

No. 106.

O, Ye Tears.

Solo.

Slow.

ABT.

1. O ye tears, O ye tears, That long have re-fused to flow,
2. O ye tears, O ye tears, I am thank-ful that ye run,

Ye are wel - come to my heart, Thaw-ing, thaw - ing like the snow.
Tho' ye come from cold and dark, Ye shall spar - kle in the sun.

The ice-bound clod has yield - ed, And the ear - ly snow-drops spring,
The rain-bow can not cheer us If the show'rs re-fuse to fall,

And the heal - ing fountains gush And the wil-der-ness shall sing.
And the eyes that can not weep Are the sad-dest eyes of all.

O, Ye Tears.

O ye tears, O ye tears.

No. 107.

Lullaby.

To the memory of my little son, W. G.

G. DE J., Jr.

Chorus or Trio.

GERRIT DE JONG, JR.

Tranquillamente.

mp

1. Now go to sleep, my ba - by dear, And rest se - cure, for I am
2. Sweet lit - tle one, now go to sleep, For an - gels true their vi - gil
3. (Hum.....)

near. Now go to sleep, my lit - tle babe; Sweet dreams be
keep. Sweet lit - tle one, now close your eyes, The stars a -
Hum.....

cres. *rit. e dim.*

yours, un - til you wake, And do not fear, for moth - er is
bove, watch from the skies, A hap - py day, to - mor - row, a -
Hum.....

a tempo.

here. Now go to sleep my lit - tle one, my ba - by.
waits you. Now go to sleep my lit - tle one, my ba - by.
..... Now go to sleep my lit - tle one, my ba - by.

pp

No. 108.

Our Eternal Home.*

(Chorus or Trio.)

B. CECIL GATES.

1. With-in the shad-ow of Thy throne, Still
 2. A thou-sand a - ges in Thy sight Are

Allegretto. *f* *p*

may we dwell se - cure— Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And
 like an even - ing gone,— Short as the watch that ends the night Be-

our de - fense is sure. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her
 fore the ris - ing sun. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all his sons a-

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* May be sung as a solo.

Our Eternal Home.

frame,—From ev - er - last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
way;— They fly for-got-ten as a dream Dies at the open-ing day.

rit.

CHORUS.

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope, our hope for years to come, Our

shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our, and our e - ter - nal home.

poco rall.

Repeat chorus after last verse *pp.*

No. 109. I Live for Those Who Love Me.

GEORGE LINNAENS BANKS.

Duet or Two-Part Song.

GEO. CARLESS.

Sym. Moderato.

1. I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and
2. I live to learn their sto - ry, Who suf - fered for my
3. I live to hold com - mun - ion With all that is di -
4. I live to hail that sea - son By gift - ed minds fore -
5. I live for those who love me, For those who know me

true;..... For the heav'n that smiles a - bove me And a -
 sake;..... To em - u - late their glo - ry And
 vine;..... To feel there is a un - ion 'Twixt
 told;..... When man shall live by rea - son, And
 true;..... For the heav'n that smiles a - bove me And a -

I Live for Those Who Love Me.

waits my spir - it, too;..... For all hu - man ties that
fol - low in their wake;..... Bards, pa - triots, marty - rs,
na - ture's heart and mine;..... To pro - fit by af -
not a - lone by gold;..... When man to man u -
waits my spir - it, too;..... For the cause that lacks as -

bind me, For the task that God as - signed me, For the
sag - es, The no - ble of all a - ges, Whose
flic - tion, Reap truth from fields of fic - tion, Grow
nit - ed, And ev - 'ry wrong thing right - ed, The
eist - ance, For the wrongs that need re - sist - ance, For the

rit.

bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do.
deeds crown history's pag - es, And time's great volume make.
wis - er from con - vic - tion, And ful - fill each grand de - sign.
whole world shall be light - ed, As E - den was of old.
fu - ture in the dis - tance, And the good that I can do.

rit.

No. 110.

Mother.

(To my Mother.)

I. H. W.

Solo.

IDA H. WHITE.

Tenderly.

1. My heart is full of moth - er dear, her pa - tient, guid - ing love
 2. When thoughtless youth's impulsive lips have framed the angry word,

Has been an end - less bea - con light to lift my soul a - hove.
 Her mild re - proof and sweet car - ess my gen - tle pas - sions stirred.

Her cheer - y smile and kind - ly words have soothed my wounded heart,
 My moth - er's love has nev - er waned - her heart has un - der - stood

Re - newed my hope, pre - served my faith, when sor - row's tears would start.
 When oth - er's faith in me has failed, O wondrous moth - er - hood!

Mother.

CHORUS.

My moth-er dear, my moth-er dear, Thy heart I'll ev - er cheer; Thy

Musical score for the chorus of 'Mother.' It consists of three staves: a vocal line in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats, and two piano accompaniment staves. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords.

path-way brighten with the years, My moth-er, my mother so dear!.....

Musical score for the continuation of 'Mother.' It consists of three staves. The vocal line includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment also includes a *rit.* marking. The piece concludes with a final chord.

No. 111

School Thy Feelings.

Trio or Chorus.

CHAS. W. PENESE.

EVAN STEPHENS.

Tenderly.

1. School thy feel-ings, oh, my broth - er. Train thy warm, im-pul - sive soul;
2. School thy feel-ings, there is pow - er In the cool, col - lect - ed mind;
3. Wound not wil - ful - ly an - oth - er. Con-quer haste with zeal and might;

Musical score for the first part of 'School Thy Feelings.' It consists of two staves: a vocal line in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat, and a piano accompaniment staff. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords.

f
Do not its e - mo - tions smoth-er. But let wis - dom's voice con-trol.
Pas - sion shat-ters rea - son's tow - er, Makes the clear - est vi-sion blind.
School thy feel-ings, sis - ter, broth-er, Train them in the path of right.

Musical score for the second part of 'School Thy Feelings.' It consists of two staves: a vocal line in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat, and a piano accompaniment staff. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Christmas Song.

Chorus.) Words and music by EVAN STEPHENS.

f Glo-ry be to God in the high - est,
 Glo - - ry. glo - ry be to God, and peace on earth, and

rit. peace on earth..... *f*
 { 1. This was the song the angels sang, Beth-lehem's
 2. This is the song repeat-ed o'er, Each hap-py
 3. Oh, let us try some aid to lend These of the

p plains a - bove, While near the blessed mother held The new-born King of
 Christmas morn, And bless-ed mothers cling a-new To dear ones new - ly
 new-born throug, To grow and live so in the end They, too, may join the

f Love. Born un - to sor-row was the child, Tho' Lord of Life was He
p born. Born un - to sor-row as was He, But oh, how weak and frail,
 song. With the redeemed when life is o'er, When all the ransomed sing,

p To die as man, but un - de - filed, Win death - less vic - to - ry,
f These lit - tle lambskins of our Lord, How prone to err and fail,
ff There's peace on earth, there's joy in heav'n, Saved by our Sav - for King,

Win death-less vic - to - ry,.....
 How prone to err and fail,.....
 Saved by our Sav - for King,.....

Christmas Song.

Sing after last verse. Slower.

Win deathless vic - to - ry.
 How prone to err and fail.
 Saved by our Sav - ior King. And peace on earth, peace on earth.

No. 113.

Utah, We Love Thee!

(The State Song of Utah.)

Words and music by EVAN STEPHENS.

mf *Maestoso*.
 SOPRANOS.

1. Land of the moun-tains high. U - tah, we love thee! Land of the
 2. Co - lum-bia's new - est star. U - tah, we love thee! Thy lus - tre
 3. Land of the pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee! Grow with the

ALTOS.

sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee! Far in the glo - rious west.
 shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee! Bright on our ban - ner's blue,
 com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee! With wealth and peace in store,

cres.

Throned on the mountain's crest, In robes of statehood dressed, U - tah, we love thee!
 A - mong her sisters true, She proudly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee!
 To fame and glory soar. God-guarded ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee!

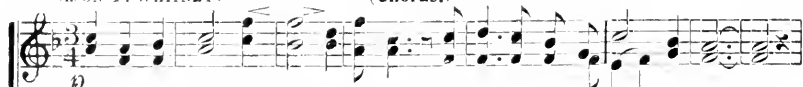
No. 114.

Home.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

(Chorus.)

EDWIN F. PARRY.



1. Ye who would brave the bounding billow, To view the wonders of the world,
2. Hast never thought, while rapt admiring The distant starlight o - ver head,
3. But I have stood a - mid the thunders, When shook the tow'ring granite height,
4. Sing not of Er - in's famed Killarney, Laud not the wave of Gal - i - lee,



And magni - fy with vain de - vo - tion, The scenes in foreign climes un - furled!
 There may be flow'rs of beauty blushing Neglected 'neath thy care-less tread?
 And trembled where the vivid lightnings Blazed on the angry brow of night.
 For I have sailed the buoyant waters O - ta - tah's wondrous sa - line sea.



Have ye ne'er dreamed of nearer splendors, Than beautify an al - ien strand — The
 Ne'er has it been my lot to wan - der, O'er Orient sands or Alpine snows, To
 Oh, tell me not that grand - er tempests Re - ver - be - rate with louder roar, On
 I've climbed her ever - during mountains, I've rested in her peaceful vales, I've



glo - rious leg - a - cies of nature Bequeathed un - to your na - tive land.
 lin - ger in the vineclad valleys Where Rhine's clear, winding water flows;
 Switzerland's histor - ic sum - mits, Than on the Rock - y Moun - tains hoar.
 quaffed her pure and sparkling streamlets, I've breathed her life - renewing gales.



No. 115.

Lasting Joy.

S. Y. GATES.

(Solo and Chorus.)

B. CECIL GATES.

SOLO. *Allegro.*

1. O in our hours of pleas-ure There sounds a note of pain, Yet
 2. No orph-an cry un - heed - ed Shall ev - er strike our ears, The
 3. We'll show our wayward sis - ters The help - ful ir - on rod, And

life gives good - ly meas - ure Of sun - shine aft - er rain. } We
 wid - ow's plaintive sor - row Must win our tend'rest tears. }
 seek to bring our loved ones In pur - i - ty to God.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

seek for eas - y du - ties, Like chil - dren seek for toys, We
 to our souls flow wisdom, As sun - shine quick - en flow'rs, If

can not see the beau - ties Of sor - row's last - ing joys. In -

we o - bey God's pre - cepts, Ac - knowl - edg - ing His pow'rs.

No. 116. Come, Saints, and Sing a Joyful Song.

S. Y. GATES.

Solo, Duet and Chorus.

B. CECIL GATES.

Solo Andante.

1. Come, Saints, and sing a joy - ful song To Him who rules on high,
2. His wide pa - vil - lion He ex - tends O'er all who seek His face,

Who fash - ioned earth and stars, and spread The cur - tains of the sky.
With heal - ing balm He binds their wounds, And shows them heav'nly grace.

Duet.

The lil - y nods be - neath His hand, The winds o - bey His will;
What match - less love He man - i - fests, For wretch - ed hu - man loss;

The wave is bound - ed by His hand, And thunder's roar He stills.
What ten - der pit - y for all such He lifts His sav - ing cross.

Come, Saints, and Sing a Joyful Song.

CHORUS.

f-p

Re - joice, re - joice, In the songs of an - gels we hear

Prais - es ris - ing ev - er, As they soft - ly sing,
Ris - ing

Re - joice, re - joice, All the courts of heav - en give ear,

rit. *pp*

Prais - es ris - ing ev - er To our Sav - ior King.

Repeat chorus softly after last verse.

No. 117.

My Mother's Love.

Duet or Chorus.

Slow Waltz tempo.

Words and music by JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. My moth - er's love is dear to me; No
 2. My moth - er's love each day is mine, So
 3. My moth - er's love will help me climb, Tho'

mat - ter where I roam,..... My
 ten - der, strong and true,..... In
 hard the way may be,..... To

thoughts will turn, my heart will yearn For
 weal or woe, sun - shine or snow, It
 pearl - y gates where an - gels wait To

moth - er's love and home.....
 blooms for me and you.....
 wel - come you and me.....

My Mother's Love.

CHORUS.

My moth - er's love, My moth - er's love, The

sweet - est words I know; An

an - gels love sent from a - bove To bless me

For ending only.

here be - low..... Moth - er's love.....

No. 118.

Gentle Words.

(From "The Open Door.")

Duet and Chorus.

LUCY M. GREEN.

IDA H. WHITE.



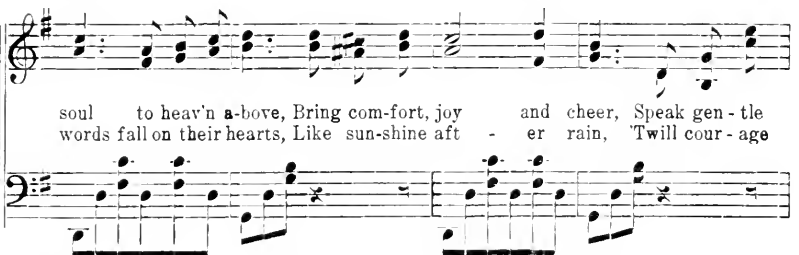
1. As gen-tle words fall on the heart, like sun-beams on the flow'rs, They chase the
2. For ma-ny souls are bowed beneath, a load of grief and pain, And vain-ly



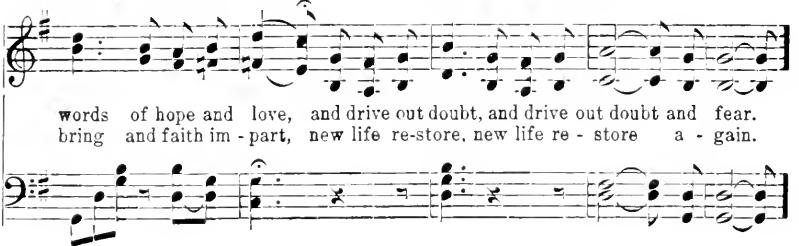
gloom and care a-way, cheer ma-ny lone-ly hours. They lift the
try to find the way, to rest and peace a-gain. Let gen-tle



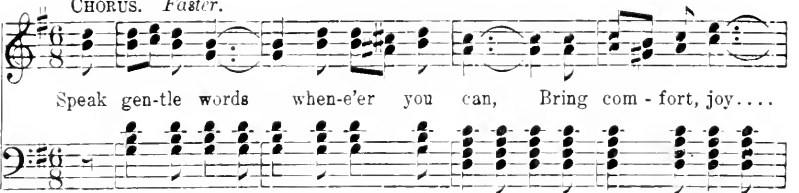
soul to heav'n a-bove, Bring com-fort, joy and cheer, Speak gen-tle
words fall on their hearts, Like sun-shine aft-er rain, 'Twill cour-age



words of hope and love, and drive out doubt, and drive out doubt and fear.
bring and faith im-part, new life re-store, new life re-store a-gain.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Speak gen-tle words when-e'er you can, Bring com-fort, joy...



Gentle Words.

.... and peace and love.... Speak gen - tle words.... to ev - ry

rit.

one, They lift the soul,..... they lift the soul.... a - bove.

No. 119.

Come, Dearest Lord.

GEO. CARLESS.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell, By faith and
 2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make our en -
 3. Now to the God whose pow'r can do More than our

love in ev - ry breast; Then shall we know and
 larg - ing souls pos - sess, And learn the height, and
 thoughts or wish - es know, Be ev - er - last - ing

taste and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.
 breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un - meas - ured grace.
 hon - or done By all the church, thro' Christ, the Son.

No. 120.

Oh, that My Soul.

M. M. JOHNSON.
Slowly.

Chorus or Duet.

B. CECIL GATES.

1. Oh, that my soul in joy might meet My loved Re - deem - er's
2. Oh, that my soul might learn to live The laws that are most
3. Oh, teach me, Lord, with - in my heart The law that leads to

face,..... In bless - ed con - fi - dence might greet The throne of
high,..... Learn sweetly, meek - ly to for - give, And grand - ly
Thee;..... And give me pow'r to choose the part That leaves the

Fast.

heav'n - ly grace.... That, as my soul as - cends on high, The
how to die..... And with its last fare - well to earth, A
soul most free.... To Thee my dimmed, blurred life would rise, To

hap - py pae - ans of the sky, Might sing a glad fare - well to earth,
gem of bright, ce - les - tial worth, 'Twould find its mansions 'mong the blest,
pur - er realms be - yond the skies, My ev - 'ry hope and wish shall be

And wel - come, and wel - come to a heav'n - ly birth.
The hap - py, the hap - py souls whom Christ loved best.
To still live, to still live near - er, Lord, to Thee.

No. 121.

Freedom and Love.

P. P. PRATT.
Slowly.

Duet or Chorus.

B. CECIL GATES.

1. Hark! listen to the gentle strain, O'er hill and val-ley, grove and plain! It ech-oes
 2. The mountains high, the rivers clear, Where heaven sheds the dewy tear, In silence
 3. And most of all, a Sav-ior's love Was man-i-fest - ed from above; He died, and

CHORUS. *Waltz time.*

from the heights above, The voice of freedom, peace and love. { The flow'rs that bloom o'er
 or ma-jest - ic roar The God of love and peace a-dore. } The birds their numerous
 rose to life a-gain, Our freedom, love and peace to gain.

all the land, In har - mo - ny and or - der stand, Nor ha-t'red, pride, nor
 notes re-sound; In songs of

en - vy know, In free - dom, peace and love they grow; praise the earth a -

round, Their voices and their tongues employ In songs of freedom and love.
rit. = pp

The Mother's Plea.

R. S. HOBNE.

Duet.

IDA W. WHITE.

1. Our Father in heaven, Thy help we im - plore, For guidance we plead and Thy
 2. We wish to be found ev - er faith - ful to Thee, Prove worthy Thy trust, Thy true

name we a - dore; Oh, grant us Thy light and Thy Spir - it di - vine, That
 daugh - ters to be; Our thanks and our prais - es we tender sincere, And

ev - er to wor - ship our hearts may in - cline. As moth - ers in Zi - on we
 gra - cious - ly seek in Thy light to ap - pear. For bless - ings so help - ful, so

wish e'er to know The du - ties of life, which Thy Spirit can show; That we may not
 good and so grand, That come to us free - ly in this good - ly land, We of - fer our

fail in our efforts for right, But guard ev - 'ry word and each act by Thy light.
 thanks, we do fer - vent - ly ask That we in Thy smiles and Thy favor may bask.

No. 123.

If It Could Be.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

Solo.

CHARLES FREDERICK STAYNER.

Play last line for introduction and interlude.

mp *mf* *mp*

1. If it could be that you and I Could look in - to the years, And
 2. If I could look in - to your eyes With pow - ers to di - vine, And
 3. O we who mean our ways so well, But breathe our pray'rs too late, For

you could know my tests to be And I know all your tears, I
 there behold your soul's great need, And you could fathom mine, I
 those whose hearts beat close to ours, Who thirst and trust and wait, What

cres.

won - der, should we speed our ways, To heal, nor won - der
 won - der, should we search our hearts For words of life to
 will the e - ven - tide re - turn, What holds its hush for

f *mf* *mp* *p* *rit.*

how..... To lay some sel - fish joy a - side?
 say,..... Or should our world of nar - row cares
 me,..... Whose faith is voiced for me and mine,

mp *mf* *mp* *tempo.*

Or should we smile and hur - ry by, And both for - get as now?
 Blot out each oth - er from our pray'rs, And fill our ev - 'ry day?
 For you and yours, no time, no time—What will His an - swer be?

No. 124. O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

SUSA YOUNG GATES.
Alllegretto.

Chorus.

B. CECIL GATES.

1. O! Thou who lov-est
2. Let noon-tide bring me

Piano.

in - no - cence, Re - mem - ber me to - day. Thine an - gel guard a -
food to eat And shel - ter for my head; Let eve - ning fold my

bout me keep, Thine an - gel guard a - bout me keep, Thine an - gel guard a -
hands in peace, Let eve - ning fold my hands in peace, Let eve - ning fold my

O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

bout me keep, Nor let my fan - cy stray, nor stray. Let kindness
 hands in peace, And slum - ber bless my bed, my bed. But most of

O.....
 fill... the com-ing hours, Let wisdom guide my feet, No haste nor
 all..... I ask, dear Lord, That Thou wilt help me say, For this I

an-ger mar my tho'ts, Nor haste nor an - ger mar my tho'ts, But grant.....
 humbly pray, "Thy will be done, Thy vic-t'ry won, Thy will, Thy will.....

O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

..... me pa - tience, grant me patience sweet. For For
..... be done;..... for this I hum-bly pray. For For

this I pray, dear Lord, I pray, For this, dear Lord, I pray.

pray.....

No. 125. When Light Peeps O'er the Hill.

SUSA YOUNG GATES.

Chorus or Quartet.

B. CECIL GATES.

Moderato.

1. When light peeps o'er the hill, When light peeps o'er the hill, 'Tis
joy is in the heart, When joy is in the heart, No

night with-in the vale; 'Tis night within the vale; For day and night are
room for sor-row there; No room for sorrow there; With fly-ing feet the

blend-ed quite When stars be-gin to pale. 2. When
mo-ments fleet Night binds them with a pray'r. Then

Vivace.
ban-ish ev-'ry care With mer-ry dance and song, God guards the way both

poco rit.
night and day O'er life so bleak and long, O'er life so bleak and long.

No. 126.

The Relief Society.

J. M. C.

Duet.

JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Moderato. mf

1. At midnight hour there came a call From a wid - ow's hum - ble home,
2. With lov - ing hearts and willing hands, They an - swer to the call;

mf

"My dar - ling boy, my on - ly joy, Is dy - ing: I'm a - lone."
With heav - en's aid the boy is saved, By Him who helps us all.

mf

The call was like a bu - gle sound, To the no - ble moth - er's band,
The moth - er raised her voice in praise To God who reigns on high,

mf

Who min - is - ter by night and day To the poor of ev - 'ry land.
And thanked the moth - er an - gel band Who heard the wid - ow's cry.

CHORUS. *Faster. mf*

All hail! to thee, O no - ble band, Re - lief so - ci - e - ty,

The Relief Society.

Whose earn - est zeal and kind - ly deeds Live in e - ter - ni - ty.

p rit.

No. 127.

The New Freedom Song,

Loyally dedicated to Col. Richard W. Young.

LUCY A. R. CLARK.

Chorus.

EVAN STEPHENS.

March time.

1. O Thou, the God of truth and right, Be now Thine ar - mies blest; We
 2. O Thou who rul - eth hosts that fight In freedom's ho - ly cause, Give
 3. Pre - pare the way, O Pow'rful One, We bring our lives, our all; To

raise the Flag of Lib - er - ty To suc - cor the op - prest.
 pow'r to break the ty - rant's yoke, Es - tab - lish righteous laws.
 lift the struggling na - tions up, Hear us. O hear our call.

CHORUS.

We come, we come in might - y throngs To do the Christian's part:

The hun - gry feed, the na - ked clothe, Bind up the bro - ken heart.

rit.

No. 128.

Our Savior King.

S. Y. GATES.

Chorus.

VERDI. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

1. Ev-er Thou hast borne our sorrows, Lord,
 2. Bind up - on Thy tender heart our load,
 3. So - lace of our swiftly fleet-ing years,

Thou hast led us with Thy
 Set our feet up - on the
 Thou art quick to calm our

D. C.—Ev-er Thou hast borne our sorrows, Lord,

Thou hast led us with Thy

pre - cious Word. Leave us not a - lone in this dark hour,.....Up-
 up - ward road. Thou a-lone canst cleanse from us all sin,.....
 trem-bling fears. Lord of light and Prince of heav'nly peace,.....Bring

pre - cious Word.

Leave us not a - lone in this dark hour,.....Up-

hold Thy shin - ing torch with Thine own matchless pow'r.
 In Thy name we come, we come our souls to win. Then what
 Thou to earth from war and pain a swift re - lease.

hold Thy shin - ing torch with Thine own matchless pow'r.

joy to sing to our Sav - for King, Tune - ful

Our Savior King.

D. C. al Fine.

praise we bring, as we gath - er round Thy throne,
as we round and

No. 129. With Heavenly Inspiration.

From "THE OPEN DOOR."

LUCY M. GREEN.

Trío.

IDA H. WHITE.

Allegro moderato.

1. With heav'nly in - spir - a - tion The Prophet turned the key, And
2. For char - i - ty ne'er fail - eth, Tho' tongues and wonders cease; To

gave this fa - vored na - tion Re - lief So - ci - e - ty; It's
love and work for oth - ers Brings hap - pi - ness and peace. Now

watchword lov - ing serv - ice To all hu - man - i - ty, And
bet - ter days are dawn - ing, The Prophet turned the key, Re -

rit.

faith and hope but great - er, It's mot - to, "Char - i - ty."
joice with mu - sic ring - ing, God's chil - dren now are free.

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No. 130.

We Serve to Love.

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Chorus or Trio.

"Barcarolle," Offenbach.

Arr. B. C. GATES.

Alto.

1. We serve to love, we love to serve This
 2. Thus, day by day, we sow the seeds Of

is our mot - to true; We love to serve, we serve to love In
 love - on ev - 'ry hand That will re - turn a hundred fold Un

Alto and Sopranos.

all things that we do. } We love to help the sick, the poor, And comfort those in
 to our hap - py land. }

We Serve to Love.

need; We love to give a help-ing hand. In tho't, in word, in deed; In

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and a half note G4. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff playing chords and the bottom staff playing a bass line.

word, in deed, in word, in deed, word and deed. Then
In deed, in deed,

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a *rit.* marking above the final measure. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "word, in deed, in word, in deed, word and deed. Then In deed, in deed,".

A tempo.
1st and 2nd Soprano and Alto.

come, O come, be one with us In heart, in soul, in hand, And

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a *A tempo.* marking above the first measure. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "come, O come, be one with us In heart, in soul, in hand, And".

We Serve to Love.

God will love and re - ward you, Come, join our no - ble band;...

Alto, *1st and 2nd Sopranos,*

Come, join our no - ble band;.... Come, join our no - ble band.....

Fall Chorus.

And God will love and re - ward you; O come,.... O come!.....
O come,

dim. *p* *rit.* *pp*

No. 131.

Sweet and Low.

Chorus or Quartet.

Slow.

"Barnby," Arr. B. C. GATES.



1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on



breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O-ver the roll - ing
 moth-er's breast, Father will come to thee soon; Father will come to his



wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him again to
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un-der the sil-ver
 Come from the
 Sil - ver all



me,..... While my lit - tle one, While my pretty one sleeps.....
 moon,.... Sleep, my lit - tle one, Sleye, my pretty one, sleep.....



The Gospel Message.

"SPRING SONG."

Chorus. MENDELSSOHN, Arr. by B. C. GATES.

1. Ye wand - 'ring na - tions, now give ear Un - to the an - gels
meek and hum - ble shall re - joice, The wise shall un - der-

cry, For lo! from heav'n he does ap - pear, To
stand, All Is - rael now shall know His voice, And

bring sal - va - tion nigh He brought . . . the an - cient
gath - er to their land Its open - ing wonders

rec - ord forth, Un - loosed the might - y seal, His
burst to view All glo - rious and sub - lime, Point

glo - ry soon shall fill the earth, And won - drous things re - veal.
out the path that men pur - sue Down to the end of time.

The Gospel Message.

Soprano.

Alto.

Ye won-d'ring nations now give ear Un-to... the angels cry. For lo! from
The meek and hum-ble shall re-joice, The wise shall understand, All Is-rael

All. *a tempo.*
heav'n he does appear To bring, to bring salvation nigh. He brought the ancient
now shall know His voice, And gather, gather to their land. Its open-ing wonders

record forth. Unloosed the mighty seal, His glory soon shall fill the earth, And
burst to view All glorious and sublime, Point out the path that men pursue. Down

dim.
wondrous things re-veal. 2. The to the end of time. His glo- ry shall soon... fill the earth,

pp
His glo-ry soon... shall fill... the earth...

No. 133.

Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me.

WATTS.

Duet or Chorus

"You'll Remember Me," BALFE.

Arr. B. C. GATES.

Slow.

1. Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for-ev-er Thine;
 2. I pray this even-ing sac-ri-fice, And when my work is done,

I fear be-fore Thee all the day; O may I nev-er sin.
 Great God, my faith, my hope re-lies Up-on Thy grace a-lone.

Soprano only.

And while I rest my wea-ry head, From cares and buisness free,
 Thus, with my tho't com-posed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep;

'Tis sweet con-vers-ing on my bed With my own heart and
 Thy hand in safe-ty keeps my days, And will my slum-ber

Thee With my own heart, my own heart and Thee.
 keep, And will my slum-ber, my slum-ber keep.

Repeat chorus: pp after 1st vers.

No. 134.

All Our Hearts.

S. Y. GATES.
Slow.

Chorus or Duet.

"Humoresque." DVORAK.
Arr. by B. CECIL GATTS.

1. All our hearts know hours of weeping, Yet we feel that Thou art keep - ing
2. All Thy mer - cies gen - tly fall - ing, On our hearts so soft - ly call - ing,

Watch and ward o'er ev-'ry pass-ing hour. So we put a-way all
To Thy might-y throne a-bove the sky. Give us help to do full

FINE.

sadness, While we lean on Thee in glad-ness, On Thy ma-jes-ty and pow'r.
du - ty, For we find in life all beau - ty, When to Thee we venture nigh.

Guide us, O guide us in our weak-ness, Keep us safe from earthly fear;
Teach us, O teach us how to find Thee, Drive all e-vil far a-way;

D. C. al Fine.

Help us, O help us find the path-way To Thy presence, draw us near.
Guide us, O guide us in our weak-ness, Till we reach the perfect day.

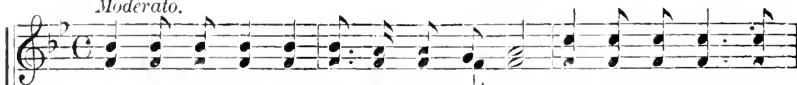
No. 135.

Love's Old Sweet Song.

Quartet or Chorus.

G. C. BINGHAM,
Moderato.

J. L. MOLLOY. Arr. by B. C. GATES.



1. Once in the dear dead days be - yond re - call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it



mist be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,
dwells for ev - er - more; Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,



Low in our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when



fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shad - ows fall, Low will be found the sweetest song of all.



Just a song at twi - light, When the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows
Song at twi - light, Lights are low, Flick - 'ring shad - ows



Love's Old Sweet Song.

Soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea-ry, Sad the day and long,
Come and go; Heart be wea - ry, Day and long,

Still to us at twi - light comes love's old song, Comes love's old, sweet song.

No. 136. We Ever Pray for Thee.

E. S.

Trlo.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. We ev - er pray for thee, our Prophet dear, That God will give to thee
2. We ev - er pray for thee, with all our hearts, That strength be given thee
3. We ev - er pray for thee, with fervent love, And as the children's prayer

com-fort and cheer; As the advancing years fur-row the brow, Still may the
to do thy part, To guide and counsel us from day to day, To shed a
is heard a - bove, Thou shalt be ev - er blest, and God will give All that is

light with-in shine bright as now, Still may the light within shine bright as now.
ho - ly light a - round our way, To shed a ho - ly light a - round our way.
meet, or best, while thou shalt live, All that is meet, or best, while thou shalt live.

No. 137.

Spring.

S. Y. G.

Quartett or Chorus.

B. C. GATES.

Moderato.

1. Spring is in the can-yon, O spring, O spring, The sky is bright and fair, O
 2. Buttercups are growing, O spring, O spring, Down in the low-ly vale, O

spring, O spring, Wild vi - o - lets are pouring Their in-cense on the
 spring, O spring, The children search the hill-side For se - go lil - lies
 O wild vi - o - lets are pour-ing Their
 O the children search the hill-side For

air, Red In - dian bells in glo - ry, Be - deck the sagebrush hills, The
 pale, O love is at the full - tide, And birds are on the wing, Sweet
 incense—Red bells..... Be - deck the hills, The
 lillies pale, O love,..... And birds on wing, Sweet

CHORUS.

rall.
 streamlet's rushing sto - ry Is whispered by the rills. Sing la la la la for springtime,
 hope is at the floodtide, And life is at the spring.
 sto - - - ry
 hope

Repeat chorus after second verse.

Hear the meadow lark sing, And la la la la, for joy-time, sweet spring, sweet spring.

No. 138.

We Love Our Work.

M. E. ABEL.

Solo, Duet and Chorus.
 "Aloha Oe" Queen Liliuokalani. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

1. O Fa - ther, grant us strength and pow'r; Our mission needs Thee ev - ry
 2. We want to live our love to show To Fa - ther's children here be -
 3. We want to show our bishops all, We're min - ute women at their
 J. We want our lives at home, abroad, To show that we are saints of

hour..... Help us in what we want to do, That to our
 low..... We want to comfort in dis-tress, We want to
 call;..... We want no more to speak unkind, But good in
 God,..... That our good works may ever bring Glo - ry and

CHORUS.

trust we may prove true.
 give all hap - pi - ness. We love our work, we want to live, That
 oth - ers quick - ly find.
 praise to Christ our King.

God our Fa - ther's blessings we'll re - ceive;..... Help us to cleanse our

hearts from sin, That Thy pure love may ev - er dwell there-in, there-in.

No. 139.

Song to the Morning.

SUSA YOUNG GATES.

Chorus or Quartet.

B. CECIL GATES.

Moderato. p

1. Up thro' the can-yon fresh and sweet, comes the breath of morn - ing;
2. The ev'n-ing sky in twi-light gold, guilds the hills with glo - ry;



Up from the cit - y's drow - sy street whis-pers the full day's warn - ing.
The hast'ning gloom with peace en-folds the cit - y's half-told sto - ry.



Up my soul and the day be-gin, the day be-gin, the day be-gin;
Hush my soul for thy day is done, thy day is done, thy day is done;



Up the prize of life to win, the prize to win, the
Hush, thy race of life is run, thy race is run, thy



Song to the Morning.

pp a tempo.

prize to win; Up, up my soul, the day be - gin, the
 race is run; Hush, hush, my soul, thy day is done, thy

p

day with its pas - sion and pain:..... Up, up the prize of
 day with its strug - gles and fret; Hush, hush thy race of

ff

life to win; Up, up my soul, the prize to
 life is run; Hush, hush my soul, thy race is

p poco rall.

win; in sun, in cloud, or in rain.....
 run; thy rest and the night have met.....

No. 140.

Glory Forever.

W. CLEGG.

From "Angel's Serenade." G. BRAGA. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

Sop. and Alto Duet first, Chorus on repetition.

To Him who

Sop. and Alto on this line after D. S. only.

Praise Him whom heav'n - ly hosts a - dore,

rules on high, Whom heav'n - ly hosts a - dore,..... The

And praise the Lord..... ev - er -

sov' - reign Lord of earth and sky Be glo - ry ev - er -

* As indicated, first, melody should be sung as duct, second, chorus sings same line on repetition. Top line should be sung only after D. S. Another good arrangement is to have duct parts played by two violins, or one violin and soprano voice.

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Glory Forever.

more,..... Let saints their voices raise, His

His..... love to sing,..... Conspire with
wondrous love to sing,..... Conspire with one accord, To

Skip to Coda after D. S.

praise their Fa-ther and their King. To King.

Chorus.

Glory Forever.

Alto Solo or II Violin.

Sing of the glo - rious time When all will own His

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line for the Alto Solo or II Violin. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Soprano Solo or I Violin.

And sound His praise in songs . . . sub - lime, . . . In realms of

Chorus,

sway, Praise songs sub - lime, In realms of

This system contains the next three staves of music. It begins with a vocal line for the Soprano Solo or I Violin, followed by piano accompaniment. The lyrics continue from the previous system.

Soprano and Alto Solo.
 † CODA.

end - less day. Ah! one ac - cord to

Chorus,

end - less day, In end - less day, To one ac - cord to

† CODA.

D. S. al Coda.

This system contains the final three staves of music. It features a vocal line for Soprano and Alto Solo and piano accompaniment. The lyrics conclude with 'end - less day, To one ac - cord to'. The system ends with a Coda section marked 'D. S. al Coda.' and a double bar line.

Glory Forever.

praise their King.... Our sovereign Lord of earth and sky, Be glo-ry
praise their King.

for ev-er-er-more;
Chorus.
Glo-ry, glo-ry for-er-er,

praise, praise ye the Lord, Praise for ev-er-more, praise Him....
glo-ry for-er-er, praise Him....

Miscellaneous Songs.

No. 141. Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,

There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,

There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go,

There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,

Day after day in the field of yellow corn,

No place on earth do I love more sincerely

Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

CHORUS..

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,

There's where the birds warble sweetly in the spring-time,

There's where this old darkey's heart has long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There let me live till I wither and decay,

Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,

There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.

Massa and Missis have long gone before me,

Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,

There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,

There's where we'll meet, and we'll never part no more.

No. 142.

Dixie Land.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Horray! Horray
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will de Weaber"
Willum was a gay deceaber,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arms around her,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land!

CHORUS.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

No. 143.

Old Black Joe.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Old Black Joe

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

No. 144. Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home.
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child.
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home.
Oh, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them and that peace of mind dearer than all,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home.
Oh, there's no place like home.

No. 145. My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By and by "hard times" comes a knocking at the door
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.

My Old Kentucky Home

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkey may go,
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days will we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

No. 146.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o' Lang Syne!

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

Auld Lang Sine

We twa ha'e run a' boot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the barn;
Frae mornin' sun til dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.

No. 147.

Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away;
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'ry whar I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh take me to my kind old mudder,
Der let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love;
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb;
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view.
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
 And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew.
 The wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.
 The cot of my father, the dairy house by it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
 For often at noon when return'd from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,
 The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
 As, pois'd on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Tho' fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

Good night, ladies!
 Good night, ladies!
 Good night, ladies!
 We're going to leave you now.
 Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
 Merrily we roll along,
 O'er the dark blue sea.

Good-night Ladies

Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

No. 150. The Dearest Spot on Earth.

The dearest spot on earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is Home, sweet Home.
Then how charm'd the sense of hearing,
Then when hearts are so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering
As Home, sweet Home.

Chorus.

The dearest spot on earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home.
The fairyland I've long'd to see
Is Home, sweet Home.
I've taught my heart the way to prize
My Home, sweet Home!
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On Home, sweet Home.
Then when vows are truly plighted,
Then when hearts are so united,
All the world besides I slighted
For Home, sweet Home.

No. 151. **Hard Times, Come Again No More.**

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
"Oh! Hard times, come again no more!"

Chorus.

'Tis the song, the sigh, of the weary;
Hard times! Hard times! come again no more!
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door!
Oh! hard times! come again no more!

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
"Oh! hard times, come again no more!"

Chorus.

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Tho' her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
"Oh! Hard times, come again no more!"

Chorus.

No. 152. **Grandfather's Clock.**

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

Chorus.

Ninety years without slumbering
(Tick, tock, tick, tock,)
His life seconds numbering
(Tick, tock, tick, tock,)
It stopp'd short, never to go again
When the old man died.

Grandfather's Clock

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy,
And in childhood and manhood the clock seem'd to know
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he enter'd at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time and had but one desire:
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,
That the hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side.
But it stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

No. 153.

The Old Arm-Chair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide with me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bonds to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start!
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey,
And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped.
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

The Old Arm Chair

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

No. 154.

My Bonnie.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night, as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

Oh! blow, ye winds, o'er the sea
Oh! blow, ye winds, over the sea
Oh! blow, ye winds, o'er the sea
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

155.

Annie Laurie.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true:
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Annie Laurie.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

156.

Sweet By-and-By.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Marching Through Georgia.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along:
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbl'd which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years:
Hardly could they be restrain'd from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Contents.

A.

Abide With Me	57
All Hail the Power	34
All our Hearts	134
America	98
An Angel from on High	67

B.

Beautiful Words of Love	92
Battle Hymn of the Republic	102
Beneath This Sacred Roof	4
Beyond Today	105

C.

Catch the Sunshine	10
Christmas Carol, A	82
Christmas Song	112
Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean	99
Come, Come, Ye Saints.....	22
Come, Dearest Lord	56
Come, Let us Anew	47
Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice	8
Come, O Thou King of Kings	27
Come, Said Jesus	63
Come, Saints, and Sing.....	116
Come Thou Glorious Day of Promise	20

D.

Did You Think to Pray	29
Do What is Right	13
Doxology	43

E.

Earth With Her Ten Thousand Flowers	14
---	----

F.

Farewell All Earthly Honors	37
Flag of the Free	103
For the Strength of the Hills	40
Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions	121

CONTENTS.

G.

Gentle Word	118
Glory Forever	140
God Be With You	31
God Bless Our Mountain Home	73
God Moves in a Mysterious Way	83
God Speed the Right	71
Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah	49

H.

Hail Columbia	100
Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning	86
Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters	90
Hear Us Pray	6
High on the Mountain Top	48
Home	114
How Firm a Foundation	32
Hushed was the Evening Hymn	65

I.

If It Could Be	123
I Know That My Redeemer Lives	72
Improve the Shining Moments	52
Invocation	28

J.

Jerusalem, The Golden	24
Joseph Smith's First Prayer	30
Jesus, Lover of My Soul	61
Jesus, My Savior	76
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me	58

K.

Kind Words are Sweet Tones of the Heart	89
---	----

L.

Land of the Free	96
Lasting Joy	115
Lead Kindly Light	12
Let Us All Press On	51
Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessings	46
Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me	133
Lord, We Ask Before We Part	35
Lord, We Come Before Thee	1
Love at Home	25
Love's Old Sweet Song	135
Lullaby	107

CONTENTS.

M.

Marsaillaise Hymn	97
Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory	102
My Friend (new)	67
Mother	110
My Mother's Love	117

N.

Nay Speak No Ill	75
Nearer Dear Savior to Thee	69
Nearer My God to Thee	39
Now a Calm and Peaceful Sleep	79
Now Let Us Rejoice	45

O.

O God Our Help in Ages Past	2
O, Happy Home, O Blest Abode	78
Oh Say Can You See	94
Oh, That My Soul	120
Onward Christian Soldiers	9
O Say What is Truth	44
O Thou Rock of My Salvation	91
O Thou Who Lovest Innocence	124
Our God We Raise to Thee	18
Our Mountain Home So Dear (Hymn)	26
Our Mountain Home So Dear (Trio)	104
Our Savior King	128
O What Songs of the Heart	93
O Worship the King	94
O Ye Mountains High	17
O Ye Tears	106

P.

Parting Hymn	53
Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow	43
Praise to the Man	33
Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire	36

R.

Red, White and Blue	99
Redeemer of Israel	16
Relief Society, The	126
Rest for the Weary Soul	81
Rock of Ages	12
Rock of My Refuge	84

CONTENTS.

S.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness	5
School Thy Feelings	111
Shall We Meet Beyond the River	54
Silent Night (Christmas Song)	82
Sister Thou Wert Mild and Lovely	87
Song to the Morning	139
Sowing	7
Spring	137
Star Spangled Banner, The	94
Still, Still With Thee	59
Sweet and Low	131

T.

Take Courage Saints	85
The Gospel Message	132
The Happy Day Has Rolled On	19
The Lord Is My Light	15
The Lord is My Shepherd	74
The Morning Light	62
The Mother's Plea	122
The New Freedom Song	127
The Relief Society	126
The Rising Sun	66
The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning	38
The Time is Far Spent	50
Though Deep'ning Trials	11
To Thee, O God	3
To Thee, Our Heavenly Father (Thanksgiving)	88

U.

Utah, We Love Thee (Hymn)	101
Utah, We Love Thee (Quartet)	113

W.

We Ever Pray For Thee	136
We Love Our Work	138
We Serve to Love	130
We Thank Thee Heavenly Father	80
We Thank Thee O God For a Prophet	41
What Was Witnessed in the Heavens	55
When First the Glorious Light of Truth	77
When Light Peeps O'er the Hill	125
Where the Voice of Friendship	69
Who Are Those Arrayed in White	70
With Heavenly Inspiration	129

Z.

Zion Prospers, All is Well	21
Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded	23

Classified Index.

Hymns for Congregational Singing.

Opening Hymns.

Beneath This Sacred Roof (New)	4
Catch The Sunshine	10
Come, Come Ye Saints	22
Come Listen to a Prophet's Voice	8
Come, O Thou King of Kings	27
Come Thou Glorious Day of Promise	20
Did You Think to Pray	29
Do What is Right	13
Earth With Her Ten Thousand Flowers	14
Hear Us Pray	6
Invocation (new)	28
Jerusalem, the Golden (new)	24
Joseph Smith's First Prayer	30
Lead Kindly Light	12
Lord, We Come Before Thee Now	1
Love At Home	25
O God Our Help in Ages Past	2
Onward Christian Soldiers	9
Our God We Raise to Thee	18
Our Mountain Home So Dear	26
O, Ye Mountains High	17
Redeemer of Israel	16
Scatter Seeds of Kindness	5
Sowing	7
The Happy Day Has Rolled On	19
The Lord is My Light	15
Though Deep'ning Trials	11
To Thee, O God	3
Zion Prospers, All is Well	21
Zion Stands With Hills	23

Closing Hymns

All Hail the Power	34
Come Let Us Anew	47

CLASSIFIED INDEX.

Doxology	43
Farewell All Earthly Honors	37
For the Strength of the Hills	40
God Be With You	31
Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah	49
High on the Mountain Top	48
How Firm a Foundation	32
Improve the Shining Moments	52
Let Us All Press On	51
Lord Dismiss Us With Thy Blessings	46
Lord, We Ask Before We Part	35
Nearer My God to Thee	39
Now Let Us Rejoice	45
O Say What is Truth	44
Parting Hymn	53
Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow	43
Praise to the Man	33
Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire	36
Rock of Ages	42
The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning	38
The Time is Far Spent	50
We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet	41

Hymns for General Use

Abide With Me (new)	57
An Angel From on High	67
Beautiful Words of Love	92
Come Dearest Lord (new)	56
"Come," Said Jesus (new)	63
God Bless Our Mountain Home	73
God Moves in a Mysterious Way	83
God Speed the Right	71
Hail to the Brightness	86
Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters	90
Hushed was the Evening Hymn (new)	65
I Know that My Redeemer Lives	72
Jesus, Lover of My Soul	61
Jesus, My Savior	76
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me	58
Kind Words are Sweet Tones	89
My Friend (new)	67
Nay Speak No Ill	75
Nearer, Dear Savior, To Thee	60
Now A Calm and Peaceful Sleep	79
O Happy Home, O Blessed Abode	78

CLASSIFIED INDEX.

O Thou Rock of Our Salvation	91
O What Songs of the Heart	93
O Worship the King	64
Rest for the Weary Soul	81
Rock of My Refuge	84
Shall We Meet Beyond the River	54
Sister, Thou Wert Mild and Lovely	87
Silent Night (Christmas Song)	82
Still, Still With Thee	59
Take Courage Saints	85
The Lord is My Shepherd	74
The Morning Light	62
The Rising Sun (new)	66
To Thee, Our Heavenly Father (Thanksgiving)	88
We Thank Thee Heavenly Father	80
What Was Witnessed in the Heavens	55
When First the Glorious Light of Truth	77
Where the Voice of Friendship	69
Who Are These Arrayed in White	70

Special Music for Choirs

Choruses, Solos, Duets, Trios, Quartets, etc.

All Our Hearts (Chorus or Duet)	134
An Angel From On High (Chorus)	67
Beyond Today (Duet and Chorus)	105
Christmas Song (Chorus)	112
Come Saints and Sing (Chorus with Solo and Duet)	116
Come Dearest Lord (Chorus)	119
Farewell All Earthly Honors(Chorus)	37
For the Strength of the Hills (Chorus)	40
Freedom and Love (Duet and Chorus)	121
Gentle Words (Duet and Chorus)	118
Glory Forever (Chorus with Solo and Duet)	140
God Bless Our Mountain Home So Dear (chorus)	73
Hear Us Pray (Chorus)	6
Home (Chorus)	114
If It Could Be (Solo)	123
Jesus Lover of My Soul (Duet and Chorus)	61
Land of the Free (Chorus)	96
Lasting Joy (Chorus with Solo)	115
Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me (Duet or Chorus)	133
Love's Old Sweet Song (Quartet or Chorus)	135
Lullaby (Chorus or Trio)	107
Mother (Solo)	110

CLASSIFIED INDEX.

My Mother's Love (Duet or Chorus)	117
Oh, That My Soul (Duet or Chorus)	120
O Thou Who Lovest Innocence (Chorus)	124
Our Mountain Home So Dear (Chorus)	104
Our Savior King (Chorus)	128
O What Song of the Heart (Chorus)	128
O Ye Tears (Solo)	106
Rock of My Refuge (Chorus)	84
School Thy Feelings (Chorus or Trio)	111
Song to the Morning (Chorus)	139
Spring (Quartet or Chorus)	137
Sweet and Low (Quartet)	131
The Gospel Message (Chorus)	132
The Mother's Plea (Duet)	122
The New Freedom Song (Chorus)	127
The Relief Society (Duet)	126
Utah, We Love Thee (Chorus or Quartet)	113
We Ever Pray For Thee (Trio)	136
We Love Our Work (Solo, Duet and Chorus)	138
We Serve to Love (Chorus or Trio)	130
When Light Peeps O'er the Hill (Quartet or Chorus) ..	125
With Heavenly Inspiration (Trio)	129

Patriotic Songs

America	98
Battle Hymn of the Republic	102
Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean	99
Flag of the Free	103
Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions	95
Hail, Columbia	100
Land of the Free	96
Marsaillaise Hymn	97
Oh, Say Can You See	94
Red, White and Blue	99
Star Spangled Banner, The	94
Utah, We Love Thee	101

Miscellaneous Songs.

WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

For social entertainments and community singing.

Annie Laurie	155
Auld Lang Syne.....	146
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	141
Dixie Land	142
Good-Night Ladies	149
Grandfather's Clock	152
Hard Times, Come Again No More	151
Home, Sweet Home	144
Marching Through Georgia	157
My Bonnie	154
My Old Kentucky Home	145
Old Black Joe	143
Old Folks at Home	147
Sweet By-and-By	156
The Dearest Spot on Earth	150
The Old Arm Chair	153
The Old Oaken Bucket	148

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BRIGHAM CECIL GATES
For General Board Relief Society

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